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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Remarks on the Practical Effect of Imprisonment for Debt, and on the Laws of Insolvency. By Henry Dance, Provisional Assignee of Insolvent Debtors in England. 8vo. pp. 16. London, 1829. Ridgway.

HAD Mr. Henry Dance been a Chinese, instead of a good honest Englishman, we have no doubt but that an exposition so useful and valuable as the present would have raised him to, at least, the dignity of a minister of two gold buttons and a peacock's feather; since his majesty of the celestial empire is obviously so much of the same way of thinking, that in a proclamation issued a few years ago, and called forth by the multitude of provincial appeals which distracted his government, he ordered "strict search to be made to ferret out all lawsuit-exciting blackguards; and when found, to punish them most severely." But as Mr. Dance lives in a litigious and lawsuit-loving land, it is probable that his reward will not be so great; albeit he deserves the thanks of every humane, sensible, and worthy person in these realms.

The question which he agitates and discusses with so much of information and ability, in a pamphlet of only sixteen pages, is one which more generally and more nearly affects the weal and happiness of the people of Britain than any other whatever;—more than political economy, the currency, education, &c. the march of intellect, or even Catholic Emancipation. There is no rank too high, and there is no station too low, not to feel the effects of our legal system; its abuses and oppressions penetrate and prevail over the palaces of princes and the hovels of paupers; it eats into the core of public institutions, and it riots on the distresses of private misfortune. A bankruptcy is to this monster a glorious banquet, at which hungry creditors look sadly on; particular losses and disappointments are its daily food; it darts upon the stricken deer; and it delights to make the slight and curable wounds of society mortal, that it may live on the blood of its victims. Thus our crowded goals are alike a disgrace to policy and morals, to civilisation and Christianity, to humanity and religion. And what can be said of the wisdom of a country and of its legislature, where the crime of owing forty shillings is as severely punished as any offence short of a capital felony; and where a power is given to subject over his fellow-subject, inconsistent with every principle of justice (not to speak of mercy), but calculated to create and cherish the vilest passions in the depraved heart of man,—the lust of tyranny, petty malice, and malignant revenge? Such is the picture drawn by Mr. Dance in considering the practical effect of imprisonment for debt, and its consequent result, the law of insolvency, which ruins the well-meaning and unfortunate, while it confers impunity on the fraudulent conspirator, the swindler, and the villain. And Mr. Dance is not only a competent authority

on these points,—he is the best authority in England; for his interests are involved in the opposite side, and his situation as provisional assignee of insolvent debtors has afforded his intelligent mind more insight into the actual evils of the practice than any other individual could attain. We therefore look upon his testimony as irresistible; and we cordially say, that there is not a merchant, tradesman, or mechanic, in the kingdom, who may not acquire the clearest views, and reap the soundest advice, from the perusal of his patriotic production.

"Imprisonment for debt (he observes) is of so very ancient a date, that until lately it has seemed as if the policy of its continuance might hardly admit of question. But the force of circumstances has at last opened the consideration of this point, and it has become evident, that, rooted as the system appears to be, the time approaches when its permanency, its modification, or its abolition, must depend on argument and reason, in preference to prescriptive claim. An arrest for debt is the only instance in which one subject holds the liberty of another in his own power without the previous control of any tribunal whatever: the sole condition is, that he shall make oath of a debt being due to him, amounting to at least twenty pounds. It is needless to inquire how this power originated, or has been maintained; my present question is, ought it to continue? It must be granted me, that the object of this extraordinary power can be no other than to enable creditors to recover their just debts with more certainty and expedition, and at a less expense, than they otherwise could. I think I may safely say, that I have had during the last nine years the best possible opportunity for impartial observation on this subject; and it has impressed me with a most sincere conviction that none of these requisites are attained; but that, on the contrary, the results are—uncertainty, delay, and increased expense."

And how can it be otherwise? Without going into the country-swarms who subsist on the wrecks of poverty, misery, and accident,—who, if they did not aggravate losses, and press on uncertainty and want of ready preparation, could not subsist at all,—let us only look at the state of London, divided as it were into districts and portions to be preyed upon by a class altogether unproductive to the community. In a calculation recently published from authentic records, it appears that in London alone there are three thousand one hundred and five lawyers, barristers, special pleaders, attorneys, &c.; with comparatively few exceptions, men who live in the enjoyment of every luxury, and the accumulation of prodigious wealth—remembering, moreover, that the lowest and poorest do infinitely more mischief, and create far greater havoc and wretchedness among their fellow-creatures, than the more elevated and rich;* for

* It is fearful, however, to calculate the enormous mass of wretchedness that must be inflicted by one attorney in great practice in common law—such as—see in the

in the administration of our laws, the gnawings are more multitudinous and fatal than the tigers' bites. "Let us (says Mr. Dance) trace the usual progress of a single case, and consider the effects produced. We will suppose a tradesman possessing a small capital, invested in his business, and having debts due to and from him; we will also suppose that the regular profits of his trade, if realised, are just sufficient to enable him to maintain himself and his family, of course allowing a moderate annual average for losses by bad debts. So long as this average is not exceeded, all is well; but the moment it increases, the derangement of his affairs commences, and he becomes unable to make his payments with his former regularity. In this situation, it generally happens that some one of his creditors takes, or threatens to take, legal proceedings against him. To save his credit and avoid a prison, he is obliged to make a sacrifice in some way or other, so as to procure ready money, and discharge the demand; but, whatever means he adopts, the diminution of his resources must be greater than the aid he obtains. The consequences cannot be obviated, and they follow sooner or later, as he becomes less able to satisfy succeeding claims. Arrests multiply; he procures bail, and so gains time, though at a frightful expense; but after paying several of his most severe creditors twenty shillings in the pound, with the addition of their costs and his own, he can pay no longer. The next arrest takes him to prison; there he becomes not only an unproductive member of the community, but an actual encumbrance; and so he must remain, or apply for his release under the act for relief of insolvent debtors. After what has happened, it is almost certain that his estate cannot pay more than a very trifling dividend (if any at all) on his remaining debts, and he is left in total beggary to begin the world again. The case I have here drawn, represents a much larger class than is generally imagined; and in reviewing it, we must observe, that those creditors who forbear to sue, lose their whole debts; while of the severe creditors, some obtain twenty shillings in the pound, and others lose not only their debts, but the costs they have incurred for the chance of recovering them. Thus it is evident that a most unequal distribution of the debtor's property takes place, though at a very considerable expense. The loss of the many is caused by the severe conduct of the few. The law alone is in fault here; for the law does not afford an honest man, who finds himself insolvent, the power to cause an equal distribution of his property among his creditors at a moderate expense. Common sense tells us that, as soon as a man is really insolvent, the law (which should be impartial) ought to interpose, and prevent any of his

city, making perhaps their 10,000*l.* a-year. Before this sum can be cleared, he must every day of his life doom a fellow-creature to the loss of liberty, and families to distraction and ruin; he must violate the bed of sickness, and blast the hopes of thousands; he must make the home of industry desolate, and destroy for ever the characters of many a worthy member of society.

creditors (for they cannot be impartial) from obtaining an undue proportion of the property. But instead of this, the law, as it now exists, invites every creditor to press forward in a race of preference for himself, at a sacrifice of the general interest. It is quite bad enough that any should be paid in full, when all cannot; and it is yet worse, that the only legal mode of obtaining this preference should include a necessity for lessening the general fund still more by the addition of costs; but costs are far from being the whole of the mischief induced by this state of the law, for, heavy as they are, they do not equal the expenses and losses consequent on such proceedings. Many of these are, for obvious reasons, kept out of sight by one party, and not challenged by the other. Such are the expenses of obtaining ready money by illegal discounts, by pawning, and, above all, by sales of property out of the usual course of trade.* Such are, also, the expenses of procuring bail, of living at lock-up houses, and (in country cases) of travelling to London to surrender in discharge of bail; and, lastly, the difference between the value of stock or furniture, and more particularly of fixtures, when available for the purposes of the owner, either for trade or for household use, and when sacrificed under legal process. I wish creditors in general could be impressed with the fact, that all these expenses, however disguised, do, in truth, come out of their own pockets; I wish they would also reflect, that the destruction does not end with the case to which they intend it to be limited. In the multitude of insolvents' schedules which I have examined, I have often seen the names of men as detaining and opposing creditors, whom I have afterwards observed as insolvents themselves, and attributing their ruin to losses by bad debts and excessive law expenses. It is true, that those whose system is to proceed strictly, may often recover both debts and costs, when, by forbearance, they would have lost them; but they cannot always be foremost in a race where their competitors are unknown to them. The first creditor by whom any debtor is arrested, begins his ruin; but that creditor can never be certain that he is not thereby striking the first blow of a series, the last of which is to destroy himself. All these considerations lead me to the conclusion, that the law of arrest and imprisonment for debt, is actually prejudicial to the interests of the very creditors on whose behalf it is pretended to be upheld; and that means ought to be devised for enabling them to obtain a just division of the property of their debtors, at the smallest expense possible."

The goodness of this extract forbids comment: it must convince every judgment, and does great honour to the writer. But the counsel it gives, though most beneficial to all else, would, if followed, be the ruin of a considerable proportion of our three thousand one hundred and five: say of two thousand of the harpies! and suppose they only earn 1000*l.* a-year each, (we

* "It may not be generally known, that there are houses established for the express purpose of purchasing goods, and of removing them in a few hours, without limitation as to their nature, quality, or bulk. They are paid for in ready money, but, of course, at a rate which is intended to leave an enormous profit to the buyer; and, as it necessarily follows that he must again dispose of them below their real value, the transaction inflicts a still greater loss on the creditors of the seller. Many extensive frauds originate in the facilities afforded by these establishments, into whose receptacles it often happens that large quantities of goods, obtained from the manufacturing districts on credit, are removed immediately after their arrival in London, and sold for half, or less than half, the invoice prices. I do not state all this from report merely—I know it to be true, and so do many others; but I wish it to reach those quarters whence a remedy may be obtained."

believe it would be nearer the truth to estimate them at 2000*l.* per ann.—for few of the greedy rogues can exist upon less than one,) and you have 2,000,000*l.*!!! a year saved in the metropolis alone, and chiefly levied upon indigence, difficult circumstances, temporary embarrassments, necessity, and utter desolation. Whether contemplated all together, or in detail, this is a grievous and monstrous state of things. But let us again hearken to Mr. Dance:—"I have hitherto (he says) considered this subject only as it appears to affect the pecuniary interests of creditors; but I cannot overlook the argument on the score of humanity. Whoever doubts its claims to consideration on this ground, ought to take a few opportunities of inspecting the interior of the prisons, more especially about the times appointed for the admission and departure of visitors. Let him then attentively examine the general appearance and behaviour of the wives and children seeking access to, or taking leave of, their husbands and fathers; and when this fails to produce conviction, farther reasoning would be wasted. * * * The more honest and the more unfortunate a debtor is, the more he feels his situation; and, therefore, the greater is the degree of punishment inflicted on him by imprisonment. This is a curious fact, which I leave the admirers of the system to digest at their leisure. I shall only add to it, that of the many cases referred to me for examination, the most glaringly fraudulent were those of two men, at different periods, both of whom, I afterwards had occasion to learn, refused to come before the court for their final hearing, lest, by any means, they might be discharged from prison, in which they had determined on remaining."

After some just and pertinent remarks on regular and irregular trading, in both of which, owing to the state of our laws, the "good are made to pay for the bad," our author confines:

"The destruction of this irregular credit seems to me of itself almost a sufficient motive for the repeal of the law. * * * Fraud ought undoubtedly to be punished—in many cases, perhaps, more severely than it now is; but my objection is, that at present we commence by imprisoning a debtor, and make the proof of his honesty the condition of his discharge, instead of making the proof of his fraud the condition of his imprisonment. It is not until after this has been done, that he should receive the sentence of the court, which should then be really carried into effect, and not remain subject to the caprice or the collusion of a creditor, who may enforce or abandon it without control."

But Mr. Dance's pamphlet would have been very incomplete, if, having so honestly and ably exposed the mass of ills under which we labour, he had not also indicated some remedy for the disease. This he has done with equal talent and discretion:—

"There are," he writes, "many existing prejudices to be overcome, which I am willing, to a certain extent, to respect in others, though I cannot entertain them myself; I will therefore suggest (as an experiment for a limited time only, if it be thought better so), that any debtor, without being in custody, shall be permitted to declare himself insolvent, and give up his property to his creditors, and thereupon shall receive a protection from arrest or imprisonment for debt, for such reasonable time as will allow of his case being brought to a hearing. That the examination, and all other proceedings, shall be had as at present, and that sentences of imprisonment, in cases of

fraud, shall be strictly carried into execution, subject to mitigation, only at the discretion of the court. Of course it will be necessary to provide, that whenever a debtor has been previously arrested, and has procured bail, they shall be exonerated when he gives up his property. The improvements which I expect will be attained by this measure, will be easily perceived, from what I have already stated. It will be, in a word, a law for the honest and unfortunate; and those who believe, as I do, that there are many such, must certainly advocate the proposition for its positive good; while those who believe them to be few, must admit that, if they are right, such a regulation would prove comparatively inoperative, and therefore nearly harmless."

Such a reform might restore this enlightened nation; this nation which so loudly boasts of its institutions as being superior to all others in the world; this nation which so loudly proclaims its love of freedom, and incarcerates thousands of its people for the most paltry debts; this nation, blessed with the march of intellect, and the schoolmaster abroad; this nation, an example for every nation on the face of the earth;—might restore it, we repeat, to something of a level with the barbarians of heathen, Mahometan, and unilluminated regions.

"The Eastern merchant (says Mr. Burckhardt) seldom enters into hazardous speculations, but limits his transactions to the extent of his capital. Credit to a great amount is obtained with difficulty. Failures are, therefore, of rare occurrence; and when a man becomes embarrassed, either from an unsuccessful speculation or inevitable losses, his creditors forbear to press their demands, and are generally paid after a few years' patience; thereby saving the merchant's credit, and preventing the consequences of bankruptcy." What fools these people must be, when compared with those in that happy land of liberty, Old England! Under similar circumstances here, after a period of long struggle and long suffering,—the race being who shall pounce first upon the unfortunate victim, whose difficulties shall have been made insurmountable by the process,—the gentle aid of the law shall be evoked, the docket shall be struck, he shall be ruined in credit, and he shall go to prison; a host of attorneys shall batten upon his spoils; assignees, and commissioners, and counsel, shall participate in his estate; his goods and chattels shall be sold at less than half their value; and, on paying some two or one-and-sixpence in the pound, he shall be given back to society, an impoverished and broken-hearted being, disgraced and unnerved, and unfit for any exertions which could ever make him a useful member of the body from which he had been so unnecessarily and so cruelly cut off. The rotten branch can never add to the vigour and beauty of the tree again.

Here, then, we conclude: but let us not be supposed, in our observation on the law and its ministers, to intend a sweeping censure on the latter. Many of them are an honour to human nature, and the more because they resist the overwhelming temptations to be otherwise, which are too strong for the immense majority of their professional brethren. We know and appreciate men of this description, who, instead of inflaming, repress litigation, and who earn a noble and elevated subsistence by the performance of those numerous legal duties and offices which are absolutely necessary to the motion and order of the social machine. These men are benefactors to their country; and we call

upon them to consummate their high characters by their aid in producing those reforms which would weed them of noxious associates, render the laws a blessing instead of a curse, and relieve the population of Great Britain of a load which presses more severely upon it than national debt, taxes, tithes, and poor-rates, all combined together!

The Token; a Christmas and New Year's Present. Edited by N. P. Willis. 12mo. pp. 348. R. J. Kennett, London; S. G. Goodrich, Boston. 1829.

INFERIOR certainly to our own splendid Annuals in the expense and beauty of engravings, which could only have been produced and patronised when art and luxury were at their height, but in all else fully their equal,—we greet with great cordiality the arrival of the first American Annual. It is a very charming little volume, and says much for the taste and talent diffused through American society; for the minds which can produce and appreciate the elegancies of literature, must have before progressed through its rougher paths.—our literary taste grows on our literary cultivation. There are in the *Token* some very pretty tales, which blend the humorous and pathetic well together. "The Son of a Gentleman," "Retrospections," "The Ruse," "The Emigrants," and "Otter-Bag," possess a degree of freshness and originality which too many of their English competitors want; for a family-likeness in their features—deaths, marriages, &c.—is the besetting fault of a great mass of our English Annual story-tellers.

The following sketch of a New England family has pleased us much:—

"I think, sir," said the artist, "that the New England people are naturally of a cool temperament, sensible, wary, and calculating; but when once their imaginations or passions are thoroughly excited, you cannot turn them from the bent of their humour, or convince them they have mistaken their own interest. You may as easily direct the whirlwind, or stay the course of a torrent with the rushes on its bank."

"We are rather obstinate, I confess, when our resolution is formed," said Erskine. "Yes; and you think nothing you determine on impossible in performance or attainment," replied the artist. "I have seen many of your Yankees, who come here with their families almost as destitute as Adam when he was banished from Eden; and yet they were expecting to amass the wealth of princes, and attain the highest honours of the state. This enthusiasm is shared, too, by the women, and even little children. I never saw a finer illustration of the 'Pleasures of Hope' than I witnessed a few weeks since. I spent a month last summer wandering over the Alleghany hills; and during my rambles, I fell in with a family who were removing from Connecticut to Ohio. I saw them first at noon-day, as they were about to rest for an hour or two. The horses were loosed from the wagon; but here,—I can show you a sketch of the scene; I took it at the time, and have since bestowed some pains to retouch and finish it. Indeed, I think I succeeded tolerably well in giving the spirit, the peculiar character, of the individuals to their respective pictures, and that is the perfection of our art." "Yes; but to impart the character of a person to his picture, it is necessary, I presume, that you know something of his history," said Mr. Erskine. "Exactly so," returned the artist. "But I had a fine opportunity for that. I passed a day with this family, and rendered them some trifling

* This refers to one of the engravings.

assistance, and was repaid by a communication, unreserved, I think, of all the changes and chances they had experienced. I never in my life saw a more interesting family. They appeared so good, so devoted to each other, so ardent in their expectations of success, and so unpractised in the deceptions of the world. But look at my sketch. This old man told me he was descended, by the mother's side, from the noted Mr. Hooker, the Connecticut divine so famed for his courageous piety, that he trembled not at 'spirit of health or goblin damned.' And truly, when I saw this old man walking with a firm and vigorous step, though he bore the weight of seventy years, and heard him conversing with the cheerfulness of youth on his future plans and prospects, though always with reference to the will of God, I thought the descendant did not shame the progenitor. I drew him as I first saw him, watering his horses at one of those bright rills that, when swelled by recent rains, come leaping down the mountain from their hiding-places among the rocks and shrubs. There is his wife, with such a humble and resigned countenance, mingled with that deep affection, which seems, like the rill, to gather strength in its descent to her posterity. She has her little grand-daughter at her knee—by the way, the loveliest creature I ever beheld. Her auburn hair, clustered in natural curls all over her head, and her blue eyes were so bright with joy and innocence, that I could not look at her without thinking of heaven. Oh! she will be too fair a flower to bloom in our solitary wilds! Beside the old lady sits her son: he was a very handsome man, and his countenance indicative of an excellent disposition; but there was little of that energy about him which usually distinguishes the emigrant from the East. I thought him very amiable, but that he was not in his proper element—that to have tilled his small farm beside the soft-flowing Connecticut would have been more congenial to his mind, than to explore the pathless forests and mighty rivers of our Western country. But he had a fine, active boy, a lad of eight, perhaps, who looked as if he would delight to ramble over the whole earth. His face beamed with rapture, and his eye with inquiry, at every strange object he saw. He resembled his mother; and I could not do justice to her. She was one of those creatures of spirit and feeling who 'would move heaven and earth,' were it possible, to serve those she loved. Ambitious she was as Semiramis; and yet it was an ambition that hardly had reference to self. See! with what a queenly air she is looking around, over the boundless valley of the Ohio, then just opening before her. She was a very beautiful woman; but there was at that moment something in her countenance much dearer than beauty. It was the conjugal, the maternal expression of triumph and affection, that seemed to say, 'here my husband will be distinguished, and my children rich and happy.' She was, in truth, the presiding and animating spirit of the party.—I found she wedded for 'pure, pure love,' as the old song says, and against the advice and wishes of her friends, who had provided one they deemed a better match for her. But Cupid delights in thwarting human prudence; and he had smitten with mutual passion the daughter of the rich merchant and the son of the poor farmer—and so they married. I do not think the young woman regretted her choice; but I believe she was disappointed in the degree of felicity she had expected to enjoy. How could it be otherwise, when she had, doubtless, pictured a Paradise of domestic bliss? The old lady told me her

daughter-in-law made an excellent wife, but that she was never quite contented with their little farm; and so, to please her, they were removing to a country where they could obtain more land. In short, I found, to compare small things with great, that it was the same cause which made the proud triumvir lose a world, namely, the influence of a woman, that had induced this prudent and peaceful family to quit the hearth and the altar of their childhood and old age, and set out on a pilgrimage to the wilderness of Ohio."

We should think there was great truth in the annexed passage. "I was going to say, that the white men of Europe, and I might have said of America also, have exceedingly false and absurd notions of what they call Indian eloquence. The language of a red orator is nothing. You see speeches every day that pass for Indian oratory,—speeches that are imitated by all who desire to give others an idea of Indian oratory; and yet, sir, I assure you that I do not know of a speech in the world, nor of a single paragraph I might say, decidedly characteristic of the native Indian—the serious, proud, uncorrupted Indian of the back-woods. His language is remarkable for sobriety, for a severe and familiar plainness—not for bold ornament or metaphor. It abounds with short, strong phraseology, and abruptness, but not with such abruptness, I will say that for the Indian orator, as we see every where now in the reported speeches of the red men. The very few ornaments—and very few they are, whatever people may suppose, that occur in the speech of a red man—are not so much his ornaments as they are the ornaments of his tribe or people. They are a part of the very language he speaks, and are, after all, but few, and meagre enough, considered as conventional poetry or metaphor, though important as a part of the language. They are never the poetical combinations nor the rhetorical embellishments of the individual. His thoughts are eloquent, but never in the way that ours are, with beauty of speech—they are so with a sort of barbarous candour and straightforwardness. They are full of passion, full of energy,—but they are never what they are represented to be; they are never beautiful, they are never charged with tropes, nor capable of being tortured into mere poetry. His imagery is a sort of household, every-day imagery; and, I am rather inclined to believe, the fragments of another language—a language older than that in which he speaks now, whatever that may be, or derived from the barbarous poetry of some earlier and mightier people; for the idiom is peculiar, the phraseology and the thought foreign—that is, unlike the body of the language in which these little fragments are found, as it were, imbedded, like so many bright shells or gems of beauty, in a dull, fixed medium of earth.—And, what is much more wonderful, sir, in my view, these peculiar turns of speech and figurative combinations are, if not precisely alike, much more alike in every language of North America than perhaps any other part of any other two languages that prevail here. Thus, go where you will, you hear the red men talk of burying the hatchet, of smoking the pipe of peace, of planting the tree of peace in the rock, or of keeping the chain of peace for ever bright; of the land of souls, and of hearts growing soft with fear; but while you encounter these particular forms of speech, with a multitude more, among all the tribes of America, among those who dwell hundreds and hundreds of leagues apart, having no knowledge of one another, they always appear to be unlike the great body of the lan-

guage in which they are found. Cases have occurred where two wild men have met; neither of whom understood a syllable of the other's tongue; and yet, by means of a few of these beautiful strange fragments, of what I take to have been a very old and rich language, aided by looks and gesture, they have been able to understand each other:—'Which goes to shew, my dear sir, that, after all, poetry is a sort of universal language, if not in Europe, at least here—here among the mighty woods and waters of America.' He drew a long breath, and proceeded. 'Perhaps the best specimen of Indian oratory that we have now, is the speech of Logan, the Mingo chief; and yet Mr. Jefferson, to whom we are indebted for it, knows very well, that instead of being a true speech, or the translation of a true speech, is altogether untrue.' 'Indeed!' 'Altogether untrue, sir; and as for the speeches that are generally put forth in America, or published by authority, after there has been a war, a treaty of cession, a talk, and a great council, they are positively mere trash and counterfeit—considered, I mean, with regard to the peculiarity of style or thought of the speaker; and about as much like the speech of a true Indian orator, as a bad imitation of bad poetry would be like the speech of a man of business, thoroughly at home with his subject, and full of good sense; or about as much like the truth as the poetry of Ossian would be like the speech of a thoughtful, brave man, who had a bargain to make with a foe. The interpreters—the doers of these things into English—are sad fellows, to be sure; a set of audacious blockheads nineteen times out of twenty—without a common share of the commonest education; whose meagre knowledge of the Indian dialect has been picked up any how, while they were trading for beaver; and are generally a patch-work of all the fine phrases they may happen to remember, about pipes and hatchets, great talkers and good fathers, and great spirits and war-clubs.'"

Before we advance to the poetry, we must observe that it is preceded by a very pretty rose-coloured presentation-page, just fit for some very graceful inscription to some very fair lady: a little Cupid has made a boat of his bow, an arrow crosses the light veil which serves for a sail, and a torch is the mast; and a wreath of flowers is in the hand of the young god, who is sailing in triumph over the globe.

The following poems will speak for themselves.

"What is that, Mother?"

What is that, mother?

The lark, my child!
The moon has but just looked out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear—
Ever, my child, be thy morning lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?

The dove, my son!
And that low sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return—
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love!

What is that, mother?

The eagle, boy!
Proudly careered his course of joy;
Firm, on his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying—
His wing on the wind, and his eye in the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on—
Boy! may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward, and upward, and true to the line!

What is that, mother?

The swan, my love!
He is floating down from his native grove;
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down by himself to die;

Death darkens his eye and unplumes his wings,
Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings—
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may wait thee home!"

"Psyche, before the Tribunal of Venus.

Lift up thine eyes, sweet Psyche! What is she,
That those soft fringes timidly should fall
Before her, and thy spiritual brow
Be shadowed as her presence were a cloud?
A loftier gift is thine than she can give,
That queen of beauty. She may mould the brow
To perfectness, and give unto the form
A beautiful proportion; she may stain
The eye with a celestial blue—the cheek
With carmine of the sunset; she may breathe
Grace into every motion, like the play
Of the least viable tissue of a cloud;
She may give all that is within her own
Bright census—and an silent look of thine,
Like stronger magic, will outcharm it all.
Ay, for the soul is better than its frame,
The spirit than its body. What's the brow,
Or the eye's lustre, or the step of air,
Or colour, but the beautiful links that chain
The mind from its rare element? There lies
A tallman in intellect, which yields
Celestial music, when the master-hand
Touches it cunningly. It sleeps beneath
The outward semblance, and to common sight
Is an invisible and hidden thing;
But when the lip is faded, and the cheek
Robbed of its daintiness, and when the form
Matches the sense no more, and human love
Falters in its idolatry—this spell
Will hold its strength unbroken, and go on
Stealing anew the affections.

Marvel not,
That Love leans sadly on his bended bow:
He hath found out the loveliness of mind,
And he is spilt for beauty. So 'twill be
Ever—the glory of the human form
Is but a perishing thing, and Love will droop
When its brief grace hath faded. But the mind
Perisheth not; and when the outward charm
Hath had its brief existence, it awakes,
And is the lovelier that it slept so long—
Like wells that, by the wasting of their flow,
Have had their deeper fountains broken up."

We cannot but observe, both with reference to the volume now before us, and other productions of the American muse, how very much the writings of L. E. L. have given their tone to Transatlantic poetry; their style is modelled on the school of which she is the founder: the same vein of metaphysical sentiment; the same wish to give inanimate nature our own feelings, making a sympathy between them, sometimes fanciful, but oftener touching; the same desire to exalt the humanity of love by the refinement of sorrow; the short sketches in blank verse; and much, too, of that carelessness of diction, and neglect of action in the narratives, which are among her faults. The earlier American Souvenirs are chiefly composed of selections from her writings; and now that they have brought their own talents to the work, and are giving their Annuals a national character, the same influence is still perceptible; though, we must say, amid her many imitators, they are the only ones that have also their own original features:—if the spirit of song has been awakened by strange music, it awakes to revel in a new and beautiful world of its own.

Researches into the Origin and Affinity of the principal Languages of Europe and Asia.
By Lieut.-Col. Vans Kennedy, of the Bombay Military Establishment. 4to. pp. 338. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

THE affinity of languages has for nearly two centuries excited great curiosity in Europe, and much diversity of opinion has been expressed on this subject. It must, however, be confessed, that the extremely injudicious manner in which inquiries into the derivations and relationships of languages have frequently been conducted, have rather injured than benefited the study—it having produced an impression on the public mind, that an ingenious etymologist, by apparently arbitrary permutations, ad-

ditions, and contractions, can prove the identity of almost any two words of almost any two languages, and can do this in utter disregard of, or opposition to, their proper sound, primary meaning, or grammatical form.

Although such is the public feeling in relation to etymological investigations, yet as it is almost universally allowed, that those investigations, conducted on correct principles, shed light on the early history and migrations of nations, as well as elucidate language, it is very desirable that so useful a study should be rescued from its, perhaps well-merited, state of disrepute, by a clear demonstration of the fact, that there are principles by which the connexion or non-connexion of languages may be firmly established. Colonel Kennedy has laid down these principles, and illustrated and applied them in his *Researches*; and it is fortunate for the cause of literature that the task should have been undertaken by a man so eminently qualified by his immense acquirements and long study of the subject, and executed in a manner that is, generally, very satisfactory.

The idea that fragments of the language that was spoken before the dispersion at Babel exist in most parts of the world, has been zealously advocated by M. Klaproth in his *Asia Polyglotta*, and by Mr. Sharon Turner in the first volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*. It is also the basis of a work published at Karlsruhe in 1826, entitled *Synopsis oder grundsätze der Sprachforschung*, von Junius Faber; of which a French translation was printed at Paris in 1828, in the name of Baron de Merian, as an *original work*. We suspect, however, that M. Klaproth is intimately acquainted with an individual who owes paternal care to both these publications.

While these and some other writers plead for the existence of vestiges of the antediluvian language, others, in opposition to the Biblical account of the confusion of tongues, have insisted on its present existence in nearly its original state. Goropius Becanus's opinion, that Dutch was the language spoken in heaven, and by Adam and his posterity, is universally known, from its pre-eminent absurdity; and Webb attempted to prove that Chinese was the primitive language: but the majority of writers on this very difficult subject have assumed that it was Hebrew. Kennedy, however, differs from them, in thinking "that the primitive speech of mankind was abolished at Babel, and various distinct languages created by the same power by whom the former was originally communicated to mankind;" and "that geography, chronology, and history, demonstrate the impossibility of Hebrew being the primitive tongue, from which all other languages are derived; for the land of the Hebrews was bounded on all sides by countries in which a kindred language prevailed, and with the people beyond which they never had, in earlier times, any intercourse whatever—as is fully proved by their own history; nor could the few individuals of Abraham's family, or the slaves of the Egyptians who afterwards became the Hebrew people, have possibly communicated their language, even if they preserved a peculiar one, to other nations. The argument, *a priori*, being consequently so irrefutable, it becomes unnecessary to enter into any examination of the Hebrew language itself: and I shall therefore merely observe, that I have carefully examined the lexicons of Buxtorf and Castell, and that I have not been able to discover in them a single word which can be identified with any term in Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, Persian, German, or English."

Most of our readers will, we imagine, consider the concluding part of this extract to be nearly as erroneous as the assertion in the Annual Register,* "that the ancient Celtic is Hebrew itself;" or Biblelander's opinion, that there is a great affinity between Greek and Welsh!

On the very interesting subject of the various distinct languages created at Babel, Colonel Kennedy is nearly silent; although, we think, he might have added to Sir W. Jones's enumeration of them some others besides the Mongol, and one or two more that are incidentally mentioned. It appears, for instance, to us that some difficulty would be found in attempting to trace Chinese to either Sanscrit, Arabic, or Tartar; although De Paaw derives it from Mongol, and Webb makes it the parent of Greek.

The following quotation is given because it contains the author's ideas on a primitive language, and an explanation of the general object of his very erudite researches:

"If language was invented by man, the theory of its formation proposed by Adam Smith is certainly the most clear and satisfactory; but this theory, it is evident, can apply to one people only, for it attempts not to explain the causes which have occasioned that variety of names which are given by different nations to one and the same object. This difference the Mosaic history ascribes to a miraculous interposition of the Supreme Being; and had mankind ever spoken only one language, such a miracle seems alone adequate to account for there now no longer existing any trace of this primitive tongue in the different languages of the world; for no instance occurs of a language which has once existed becoming entirely extinct; and, consequently, had this primitive tongue remained in use, some identical terms, and particularly some similarity of grammatical structure, must still be discoverable in every dialect of Asia and Europe: but not a single word or grammatical inflexion; as far as I am aware, has ever been discovered, or can be discovered, which exists equally in Sanscrit, Arabic, and Tartar. Apply this test to the various languages that have been derived from them, and it will be immediately observed that although similar words may be found in all of them, still every term that is contained in each cannot be traced through all the dialects that belong to the same family. In all such examinations, the etymologist is obliged to confess, that the more the subject is investigated, the more improbable becomes the conjecture, that all languages have been derived from one and the same origin; for at every step that he prosecutes his researches, this supposed identity gradually diminishes, until it entirely disappears, long before he attains the end of his pursuit. But he finds, without the least research, numerous words in all known languages which bear no resemblance to each other, and the etymon of which it is impossible to discover or to trace to a parent tongue. It cannot, however, be denied, that cognate and identical terms and similarity of grammatical structure, are discoverable in several languages; and this affinity, if it does not prove the derivation of one from the other, must at least establish that they were all derived from some one common source. The object, therefore, of the following *Researches* is not to investigate the origin of speech, or to attempt to reduce the various languages of the world to one pri-

mitive tongue; but merely to exhibit the striking affinity that exists between the Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, Persian, and Gothic languages. As, however, mere etymological and grammatical disquisitions can afford little interest, I have also entered into an inquiry respecting the causes to which this affinity ought to be attributed. The relation that these languages bear to each other has already excited much attention; but I am not aware that any person has yet undertaken to investigate the subject fully, or to support his opinions by any extended list of the similar words that occur in them. As, therefore, the only satisfactory proof in all etymological inquiries is identity of terms, I now produce a collection of 900 Sanscrit words which exist either in Greek, Latin, Persian, German, or English. All these words are primitives, or uncompound; and when it is recollected that these form a small proportion of the words contained in any language, it must appear the more surprising that so many of the Sanscrit primitives can still be discovered, after the lapse of ages, in languages now so widely separated."

The extremely unsatisfactory modes of reasoning employed by many etymologists, and the manifest falsehood of their deductions, have proved that it is not only necessary to shew an unforced identity of many words in two languages, before adopting the conclusion that an affinity exists between these languages, but that it is also necessary to prove that an affinity exists in their grammatical structure. Indeed, similarity of grammatical structure is a much stronger proof of common origin or derivation than verbal resemblances are. For, the author of the *Researches* remarks—"the grammatical structure of a language must have been coeval with its origin, and is so indispensably requisite for its distinct existence, that whenever the grammatical inflections of one language are found in another, no possible causes can be assigned for such a similarity, except that the one language was derived from the other, or that they both sprang from the same common source. Could, therefore, any words be produced from the Arabic class of languages which corresponded in sound and meaning with those of other tongues, still the peculiar grammatical structure of the Arabic would evince that these words must have become common to the two languages from some accidental cause, and would consequently be no proof that any affinity whatever existed between them."

Again: "It is singular that etymologists have not adverted to the remarkable difference which exists between the grammatical structure of Hebrew and that of Sanscrit and Greek; for various causes might have occasioned the passing of single words from one original language into another, and such terms therefore would be no proof of the affinity or common derivation of these two languages. The grammatical structure, on the contrary, is peculiar to each distinct tongue, and even to each cognate dialect of the same language, and must have been coeval with the origin of each. If, therefore, Sanscrit and Greek were derived from Hebrew, in what manner did these languages acquire the numerous inflections which give their nouns and verbs such precision and variety, when the alleged parent tongue possesses scarcely any inflections? In what manner did the daughters learn to luxuriate in the compound terms to which they are indebted for such elegance and beauty, when the mother abhors the ornament of composition? In short, to what causes shall be ascribed the copious

richness of Sanscrit and Greek, if they owe their origin to a language which has always been remarkable for its irremediable poverty?"

Baron William Humboldt, in a paper on the Affinities of Oriental Languages, lately read to the Royal Asiatic Society, and which is to form part of the second volume of that Society's Transactions, expresses precisely the same ideas, in the following terms: "All research into the affinity of languages which does not enter quite as much into the examination of the grammatical system as into that of words, is faulty and imperfect; and the proofs of the real affinity of languages, that is to say, the question whether two languages belong to the same family, ought to be principally deduced from the grammatical system, and can be deduced from that alone; since the identity of words only proves a resemblance such as may be purely historical and accidental."

As the absolute identity of ideas contained in these quotations would appear to warrant the conclusion that Baron Humboldt had copied from Colonel Kennedy, we state, on the authority of Baron Humboldt himself, that he had not even looked into Colonel Kennedy's *Researches* before his attention was called to this remarkable coincidence.

These principles will, we imagine, be approved by every philosophical linguist; and it is by attention to the grammatical structure of languages, in connexion with the sound and meaning of words, that Colonel Kennedy has come to the conclusion, that a striking affinity exists between the Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, Persian, and Gothic languages.

Alexander I. of Russia.

DURING the last fifteen years of his life, the mind of the late Autocrat of all the Russias was more than gently swayed by religious fervour. Many of his public acts during that period, either originated in a spirit of enthusiastic piety, or may be referred to its influence. Few, indeed, were the individuals to whom this fact was known; and the few to whom that knowledge was imparted, felt that the multitude would hail it with a taunt or a sneer,—and were silent. Until the present moment, therefore, we have had much that is of considerable interest as regards that monarch, withheld from us; but the companion and guide of his hours of religious exercise and meditation has now become their chronicler; and the minister of the Gospel, to whom Alexander confided the pangs and throes of his heart, now relates the events of his closing years, at the risk of all evils which may await his revealings. He thus speaks of the scenes or sentiments to the truth of which he bears evidence:—

"In the earlier part of his career, Alexander, being raised to a station when he could command every luxury or enjoyment of the western or eastern world, lent himself with ardour to a life of extravagance and debauchery. At a maturer age he confessed, that, amidst all his carousings, pleasures, and dissipation, he felt an internal void; and in spite of his utmost efforts to shake the feeling off by renewed and redoubled excesses, he could never succeed in silencing the 'still, small voice' that spoke within him. He repeatedly resolved upon changing his mode of life: the resolution was formed, but the hour of execution put off to 'the morrow.' There had always been a tendency to religious feeling lurking in his breast, and he gradually acquired a deeper relish for the society of those whose conduct bespoke the existence of a similar impulse in their own.

* Vol. xlviii. p. 387, cited in Higgins's Celtic Druids. The author of the last-named work asserts that the Celtic and Sanscrit languages are the same: pp. 62, 64.

In the year 1812 he was in Baden, and sought the companionship of *Stilling*; but neither was the heart satisfied, nor the wounded spirit healed; for there is no real peace, where both are not in a state at least of partial reconciliation with their divine original.

"As his youthful years dropped away, Alexander's character, day by day, assumed a deepening tinge of seriousness. He strove to acquire the mastery of his passions; he fought hard to put away the irritability with which he encountered any opposition to his will; and pondered over the page of Scripture, which became his inseparable companion. He had derived partial relief from this source, when the year 1813 called him beyond his own frontier, to seek his adversary on the soil of Germany. A lady in Riga, who was acquainted with the religious turn his mind had taken, recommended him to study the 91st Psalm; and a letter to Mademoiselle de Stourdza gave him the first impression of confidence in Madame de Krüdener, who had written to him previously, and awakened an expectation, that she would succeed in allaying the internal oppression under which he was suffering.

"The campaign of 1815 brought him to Heilbronn in Württemberg. On the 4th of June, a lady was announced as desirous of waiting upon him; and this lady proved to be the identical person whom he had so long been anxious to consult. She was instantly admitted to his presence: she found him so perfectly prepared, that, even in this first interview, she endeavoured to persuade the emperor to begin the task of self-examination, to inquire into the vicious character of his past life, and to ascertain the treachery of the principles on which he had built his attempts at amendment:—'Be assured, sire,' she added with earnest energy, 'that you have not yet approached the throne of mercy with that humility which becomes a sinner suing for forgiveness; nor have you yet received pardon at the hands of that Being, who, and who alone, is of power to remit earthly transgressions. You are still in a state of sinfulness, and have yet to cast yourself in deep humility before your Saviour! You have yet to exclaim with the repentant publican, 'Lord! be merciful to me a sinner!' This is a state which prevents you from living in peace. Harken to the voice of one who was herself a hardened offender, but has found mercy and forgiveness at the foot of the Cross!'

"The interview was of three hours duration. The emperor was at first surprised, then convinced; and to conviction succeeded a sense of his weakness, and fervent humility. He acknowledged her words to be keen as a two-edged sword, but full of truth and balm. When she had closed her exhortations, and came to entreat his forgiveness of the strong language in which she had indulged, he replied, 'You need feel no alarm; every word you have uttered has found an advocate in my own breast; and you have enabled me to discover much within me, of which I have never hitherto been conscious. I thank God for this; and am sensible how greatly I need a frequent repetition of these admonitions. I implore you, therefore, not to abridge me of their benefits.' She promised to follow him to his headquarters at Heidelberg; where she hired a small house on the left bank of the Neckar, in which it was his custom to devote three or four hours every evening to religious conversation and the study of the Scriptures. Neither these interviews, nor their subsequent inter-

course at Paris, had any other object in view,—much less political speculations.

"Alexander observed, some time afterwards, that whatever might be the pressure of his other occupations, whether in camp or in the field, he had been long in the habit of reading three chapters of the Bible daily; one out of the Old Testament, one out of the Gospel, and the third out of the Epistles; nor would he suffer even the roar of cannon to interrupt his reading. In spite of this exemplary custom, and the benefit he derived from regular prayer, he did not feel reconciled to his own misgivings; but took frequent opportunities of praying in private with those who had similar predispositions with himself.

"He said that the thirty-fifth Psalm quieted every apprehension he had entertained as to the result of the campaign of the allied powers in France; and in speaking of this circumstance he gave expression to sentiments worthy of being written in gold:—'*I pray without ceasing for my enemies, and I feel that I can love them, even as we are bidden by the Gospel.*' Some days afterwards, intelligence reached us that the allies had been worsted; and there was not a soul amongst us who was not dismayed and crest-fallen, except Alexander himself, who instantly threw himself on his knees, read the thirty-seventh Psalm, and, as if he had acquired strength and inspiration from this act of piety, rose and hastened to the allied leaders, re-kindled their sinking courage, shewed them the advantages of an immediate assault upon the enemy, and bade them be confident of victory. The result justified his representations, and called forth a fresh expression of his deep sense of the Divine mercy. After the allies had entered Paris as conquerors, nothing appeared to afford him higher gratification than that his second entrance into it had not been stained by bloodshed.

"He fully believed that the eye of God watched over his days; and he was not only an example of mildness and benevolence to all around, but was earnestly solicitous that others should act, like himself, from the influence of the religion of the heart. The following may serve to corroborate this 'good report':—Being informed that a number of Prussian officers were eagerly looking for an opportunity to take a desperate vengeance for the injuries which the French had heaped upon their native country, he sent for them, addressed them in the language of a brother in arms and fellow-soldier, and endeavoured to inspire them with more kindly feelings. Their violence and thirst for retaliation gradually gave way to his benevolent remonstrances; and, perceiving the happy effect which he had produced, he dismissed them with this noble injunction: 'You called yourselves Christians, and seek to be avenged? Dare a Christian use such language? Oh! let me entreat you not to follow in the steps of those by whom you have been wronged. Be it yours to set them an example of forgiveness: this, and this only, is the revenge befitting Christians.' The parties thus addressed are said to have foregone their vindictive design.

"It was indeed his own custom to return good for evil wherever the occasion permitted it. More than once has he been heard to say, 'I am Christ's disciple, and keep his Gospel ever before me: willingly would I walk two miles if any one forced me to walk one, and readily would I add my mantle were I robbed of my coat.' Many will deem that he pushed this principle to a needless extreme on the subsequent occasion. He was in the practice of

passing many of his evening hours in company with Madame de Krüdener and the writer, who occupied a house near the Elysée Bourbon, which was his residence when he last abode in Paris,—and was invariably accompanied by Joseph, a confidential valet of Prince Wolkonski. On one of these visits he roughly reprimanded his attendant, as he entered an ante-chamber, for neglect of some order he was to have executed previously; and then going into Madame de Krüdener's drawing-room, he had scarcely had time to answer her inquiry after his health, when he suddenly apologised for his abruptness, left the apartment, ran up to the astounded Joseph, and was not satisfied till he had solicited and obtained his forgiveness of the harsh language he had used: he then returned, with a smile of self-satisfaction on his brow, to the religious meditations and exercises which were the objects of his visits.

"A sense of heartfelt thankfulness towards the Supreme, was not only the moving impulse with him in ordering his troops to celebrate a religious festival at Vertus, in Champagne, but was the immediate cause of the conclusion of the so much-abused 'treaty of Holy Alliance.' Its origin was gratitude—its object was 'peace and good will towards men.' Both have been slandered by the Jacobin, the regicide, and the atheist! It was drawn by his own hand, and Madame de K. and the writer* were consulted upon it; but neither of them suggested or modelled it, as has been insinuated.

"The same high sense of Christian duty which thus ennobled Alexander's character, directed his subsequent conduct at Moscow, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Verona, and hallowed his parting hour with its consolations, when he resigned his earthly crown in the Crimea."

Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical, for Plain People. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A. M.R.S.L. London, 1829.

No sort of book issuing from the press stands so fair a chance, in the present day, of being entirely overlooked as a volume of sermons. This fact (well known to all persons conversant with the mysteries of publishing and selling books) does not, we would fain hope, prove so much against the religious and moral feelings of the age as at first it might appear to do. It is, however, notorious, that unless the name of the author be of sufficient celebrity to form a passport to public notice, a volume of sermons is pretty sure to pass quietly to oblivion, unblamed, unpraised, and, we fear, unread.

We are free to confess, that it was the name of the accomplished author that attracted our attention to the sermons which are the subject of this article. We had heard that Mr. Gleig was rated highly by his friends as a sound and even learned theologian; but to us he was known only as a writer, of great and varied powers, on subjects purely secular; and we felt no slight curiosity to see whether those powers, which give such extraordinary interest to his other writings, would stand the author in good stead in his sermons. We ventured to hope well, and we have been any thing rather than disappointed. Though these sermons are excellently suited to the class of persons to whom they are addressed, we will venture to assert that no man, even of the most cultivated mind, will read them without pleasure. In truth, the singularly nervous language with which Mr. Gleig so easily and naturally clothes his

* H. L. Empey, author of the Notice sur Alexandre, Empereur de Russie—Geneva, 1829; from whose recent publication this paper is extracted.

thoughts, and the fervent imagination which rises and falls with his subject, without being ever carried away by it, have told with remarkable advantage in these discourses.

Many of them are on doctrinal subjects, and the sermons of that class invariably contain clear and candid expositions of the all-important truths to which they relate.

We transcribe, but do not select, a few extracts: in fact, there is no attempt in the book at writing fine passages, and we think there are no indifferent ones. The author is speaking of heathen believers in a future state.

"Who, in a matter which involves the whole of his future welfare—a matter of life or death, of wealth or poverty, of joy or sorrow, of ease or pain—who loves to depend upon a probability, a conjecture, a hope, an expectation, gathered from mere guesses and surmises? No one: and hence it is that even those anxious aspirants after immortality give a thousand proofs, in what they have left behind them, that the persuasion was not so surely grounded in them as to be in any degree enlivening or consolatory. If such, however, were men's notions respecting the existence of the soul in a state separate from the body, we cannot by any means wonder if the idea of a resurrection of the body itself is never once hinted at or spoken of by any ancient volume besides the Bible. Only think of the thing for one moment. What is the body when taken apart from the soul? A lump of matter arranged after a particular fashion—put together like a clock or watch, or any other machine, but having no life in it but that which springs from the soul or immaterial principle. Consider, too, what the process is which the human body undergoes after the soul has left it; rapidly it decays, falls to pieces, moulders away—becomes earthy, utterly undistinguishable from the soil in which it is laid. And what more? Like all other earths or soils, it shoots itself forth again in the shape of grass, weeds, it may be plants or trees. Of the grass thus produced, other animals eat; they are killed and eaten in their turn; and thus, that which five hundred years ago was a moving man, is now we know not what—its parts are all scattered and dispersed over the universe, and other animals have arisen out of them and fallen again. That I am not telling you what is incorrect, you may be at once convinced, when you are assured, as the experience of your own senses may assure you, that there is not in the whole world one atom more of matter now than there was when the world was first created. Matter has changed its shapes and its forms over and over again, but in quantity it is exactly the same—neither increased nor diminished—as when the universe began to be. When you consider all this, I say, you will not wonder when you are told, that it is in the Sacred Scriptures of God alone that we may look, I say not for the assurance, but for the remotest hint or reference to a resurrection of the body."

A serious man hardly passes a day, and never a week, without meeting some warning to his conscience; something to call to mind what his great object ought to be through life. The longer we live, too, the more serious and the more striking these warnings become. That often-told tale, the dropping into the grave of a friend, or relative, or acquaintance, or neighbour—can any thing be better calculated to put us in mind of the utter worthlessness of all earthly pursuits, and the extreme uncertainty of our own lives. Does it not remind us, when we choose to consider it with attention, that the heaven and hell, of which we hear so much,

are not things far away, but close at hand, soon to be made known to us by means of our own senses; and that those everlasting destinies, concerning which we are too apt to speculate as matters not to be settled for these many years, may, in our own cases, as in the case of others, be settled before to-morrow. Yet with this knowledge brought so continually before us, we venture, day after day, to commit sin. But it may be said, the events are not in our minds when we fall into those sins. So much the greater pity; so much the greater pity it is, that events so serious and so important should ever cease to have some weight upon a rational soul. Besides, the fact that our lives hang by a hair, is so frequently repeated to us, and the examples of that truth so constantly before our eyes, that I fear we never can forget either the one or the other without an exertion. We drive away the image from our minds, and then say we could not see it, and that it had no influence over us. This is a very sinful neglect of God's warning voice; perhaps to the full as heinous as is the particular act of guilt by which some one of his divine commands has been set at defiance."

The Living and the Dead.

IN concluding our review of this publication, we may mention, that Mr. Neale is decidedly one of the evangelical party in our national church; and throughout the volume before us supports that cause both by argument and caricature. We are not sure that some of his pictures are calculated to do the church, generally, any service.

"My next station was Cornwood: its rector a Mr. Grayburn. Mr. Grayburn was a hale, handsome, hearty-looking man of about fifty; who for the last 'ten years had been in a dying state.' His 'existence was most precarious.' He could 'hardly count upon its continuance from one hour to another.' He laboured—such was his account of himself at our first interview—under 'a complication of disorders.' His medical men, indeed, had told him that the functions of his liver were most materially deranged; that he was threatened with epilepsy, and that an attack of elephantiasis was by no means improbable; but he had arrived at a very different conclusion. He had long been persuaded that his mesenteric glands had ceased to perform their office, and that the coat of his stomach was entirely worn away. A pigeon-pie which stood beside him in its last agonies, and a bottle of Madeira nearly empty, which had constituted his lunch, seemed, methought, to give a kind of practical lie to his theory; but his case was beyond me: so I bowed, and was silent; while Mr. Grayburn sighed, and proceeded. 'It was painful,' he remarked, 'to revert to the past; but he had received a shock about ten years ago, from which his constitution had never rallied! It was a most mysterious business; he did not feel equal to give me the particulars.' What they were, I could never learn. Miss Grayburn occasionally alluded, in her rapid, sketchy manner, to this 'unexpected shock;' but when pressed, she likewise felt herself unequal to enter into particulars; but invariably concluded by expressing her conviction that 'her dear brother would never recover it.' I trust I do not do him injustice; but if I was to die for it—I may be wrong—I'm sure I've no wish to belie him—but I do verily believe the shock consisted in his unexpectedly finding himself heir to an estate of six thousand per annum. Since that very deplorable incident, which had so entirely deranged his system, he had been

unable to do his duty. Assistance was indispensable. There was a something, a feeling, a sensation, an obstruction, which invariably overpowered him if he attempted the discharge of his professional engagements. He had consulted every man of eminence in the country. In fact, he had been a fortune to all the medical men within his reach; and his own body-surgeon had built a house, solely, as he was frank enough to declare, upon the capacity of Mr. Grayburn's swallow! While his neighbourhood overflowed with medical men, all of whom felt satisfied they could *relieve* him!—Did a new medicine come out? at all hazards he would try it! Was a new name announced in the medical world? he went up to town forthwith. The gentleman might be able to throw 'some light upon his case.' Mr. Abenethy he had seen once, and once only. 'Would that my state of health had permitted my giving Mr. A. my opinion of him!' 'Sir, he committed an outrage, I can call it nothing less, upon me! I mentioned incidentally, while I was detailing to that gentleman the history of my case, *seriatim*, (from a memorandum-book that I always carry in my left pocket, with my name, age, profession, and residence, written legibly in the first page, in order that, should my sufferings terminate suddenly in the street, the bystanders may be at no loss respecting me, and that I may be treated with that respect which my station and character require,)—I mentioned, I say, incidentally, that I was a county magistrate. Only conceive my feelings, my nerves—what a revulsion—the blow—the shock! Place yourself in my frail and feeble condition; suppose yourself for one instant in my dilapidated state, when he came forward with a hop, skip, and a whistle—and—recommended me—a turn in the tread-mill! It was after the commission of this outrage that Mr. Grayburn resolved on adding a resident surgeon to his establishment. For this '*gentle sinecure*,'—in giving Mr. G.'s history I have mainly adhered to his own phraseology,—he selected a Mr. Gotham Lillycrop. The terms of their agreement were somewhat of the drollest. Mr. Lillycrop's salary received a sensible addition every year that Mr. Grayburn lived. I was told he was a very stout, rosy, robust young fellow when he entered upon his duties as Mr. G.'s constitutional curator. I could scarcely believe it; for when I saw him he was as thin as Lord Durham, had a complexion like a Swedish turnip, complained desperately of want of appetite, and seemed worn to a shadow. In fact, his was no '*sinecure*.' Temper, time, patience, all were in perpetual requisition. Mr. Grayburn's demands were endless. Never was a man so painfully possessed of the fear of death. He succeeded in keeping, every one about him in an incessant fever of anxiety. Night after night did Mr. Lillycrop sit up by the bedside of Mr. Grayburn, who would affirm it was utterly impossible he could live till morning, *only to watch his patron's clumbers*; for, among other extraordinary symptoms of Mr. Grayburn's case, was this—that, when he was at the worst, he was sure to sleep like a ploughboy! Again and again did poor Mr. Lillycrop hint that his own health was giving way, and that he feared he should be obliged to resign his post. 'I can't last much longer. If you remain with me till the close, you will find a most grateful remembrance of you in my will. Do as you please; but by deserting me you will forfeit an independence. I have left you, Mr. Lillycrop, affluence for life. Would you desert me when it is clear my very hours are numbered? God help me! I shall not be

many days longer a burden to any one! I repeat it, do as you please; but if you *do* abandon me in my extremity, you will find you have relinquished—I will not say what! And poor Mr. Lillycrop wasted away.”*

The author's first and only love had married another, and left him not to be consoled: we quote the following passage, as an example of the bad taste we have condemned in a clergyman's writing:—

“I now approach a most painful part of my history. Would to God I had it not to record! years have passed away since its occurrence; and the sorrows of poor Adela have long since been hushed in the grave: yet, when the sad detail passes in review before me, my grief is as poignant as ever; and—and—there are some wounds which defy the power of Time to heal. I was in London on business relating to the affairs of Lord Llanberis, and after a long and fatiguing day, devoted to the perusal of papers and parchments, was returning through Piccadilly to a late dinner, when, as I passed Burlington House, a faint low voice murmured, ‘Mr. Barnard!—do I see Mr. Barnard?’ I involuntarily turned round, then feeling convinced I had been mistaken, quickened my pace, when the words, uttered in wilder accents, reached me—‘What! don't you know me?’ Arthur—Arthur Barnard! O God! he too deserts me!’ Haggard as were the features, tawdry as the dress, and wretched as the whole appearance of this deserted being seemed to be, those tones—that voice—I should have recognised it even amidst the thrill of the last trumpet.”

Such ambition of a striking and powerful style, approaching so closely to profanity, needs no comment. The next may be read as a variety:—

“The besetting sin of the age—Mr. Irving says it will end in 1848—from its wickedness it well deserves it—is the subjection of every object to the standard of UTILITY! *Cui bono?* is the motto of a numerous class, which has not been unaptly styled the Chrestomathic School; a sect whose principles and practice too frequently produce the most lamentable and irreparable consequences. The rules of calculation and traffic are by them constantly brought to bear upon every subject, whether the object of consideration comes within their province or not. Be it a work of art or an object of nature—be it a picture or a statue—a venerable ruin or a beautiful grove—it is the same thing to them. *Cui bono?* is still applied as the test and measure of utility. ‘Of what use is it?’ is the question uniformly asked. In other words, ‘What will it fetch if brought to the hammer?’ This is the bed of Procrustes, upon which every thing, however unassimilated to it in its nature, is tortured and sacrificed to the purposes of gain. If its stature be beyond the measure of their standard, they, like the Athenian free-booter, lop it without mercy; if within it, they stretch it to the required extent with the same savage unconcern. The pursuit that lends not to their theory is ‘nothing worth;’ like the

mathematician, who having been persuaded by a friend to read *Paradise Lost*, returned it to the lender, who was anticipating his expressions of delight, with the remark—‘it was pretty, but it proved nothing!’ If the spirit of calculation affects the imaginative arts and artists, the objects of taste and art are in no less danger from the thousand-and-one projects, which are frequently held out for the purpose of entrapping some unwary speculator, and of deforming the face of the country. I reflect with complacency on the panic of 1826, since, in consequence, some most wild and extravagant schemes have descended with hisses into the gulf of oblivion; and by their timely explosion many a venerable park and sequestered valley will now escape the intrusion and annoyance of rail-ways and canals—many a sylvan glade retain its leafy honours inviolate. We of the hills could once look with pity and self-congratulation upon the level districts threaded in all directions by canals, rail-ways, and turnpikes. Trusting in the impracticability of mountains, the antiquary and lover of the picturesque could there fancy himself secure from intrusion. But he has long since learnt to lament the fallacy of his calculations. Canals, his utter abomination, have been introduced into his most hallowed retreats. The very fastnesses of the mountain are no longer a protection from the hand of scientific daring and commercial speculation. If a channel cannot be carried along its precipitous side, a murky tunnel is driven through its marble centre. The most inaccessible districts are no longer secure, since road-making, rail-ways, and canals, have been brought to their present perfection. Science and commerce arm their ministers and their votaries against the beauties of nature and the relics of antiquity; and the most interesting features of both are too often recklessly and wantonly disfigured by their operations. What escapes the mattock of Telford, does Green destroy; and what escapes the pick-axe of Green, does M'Adam destroy. One improver regards a straight line as the line of beauty, since he discovered that it is the shortest possible distance between any two points. With him, therefore, a love for direct lines is the ruling passion. He plans a new road a few yards in length; and, in order to complete it, blows up some beetling crag, gray with time and hung with ivy! If it be crowned with some venerable ruin, so much the better. ‘Capital! excellent! the stones of both crag and castle will be at hand to make the road; and the Trust will save three pounds thirteen and ninepence in carriage and labour.’”

Most heartily do we, in spirit, concur with all the paper, “the Modern Moloch,” whence the foregoing extract is made; but we must conclude, and with only one other specimen. From “My Predecessors” we have the following:

“A noted affecter of quaint and extraordinary texts was Mr. Newlight. His first sermon was from Ezra, i. 9. ‘Nine-and-twenty knives.’ He held that every word of Scripture was capable of being spiritualised, or *improved*, as was his favourite term; and he therefore ‘cultivated especially those parts of the field’ of sacred lore, which were usually passed over as barren and unproductive. This memorable discourse he divided into nine-and-twenty heads—thus making the divisions of his subject correspond to the number of knives mentioned by the sacred chronicler. He referred to the different kinds of knives to be found in holy writ—the knife which Abraham took to slay his son—the knife as sharp as a razor, which Ezekiel was com-

manded to use—the knife to be set to the throat of a man given to gluttony—the knives with which the prophets of Baal lacerated themselves at the sacrifice on Mount Carmel—and so on to the end of twenty-nine. The preacher then proceeded to shew that these twenty-nine knives, as part of the sacred furniture of the temple, were designed to represent the methods by which the elect were cut off from all dependence upon self.—Can such extravagancies tend to the everlasting welfare of man, or to the honour of the Almighty? Mr. Newlight evinced, on all occasions, the most marked contempt for human learning. He vaunted his own total want of acquaintance with the learned languages, and his admittance into holy orders without the expense, and, he might add, advantage, of a college course. His most valued brother and correspondent, William Huntingdon, S.S., ranked with him above all the D.D.'s and S.T.P.'s in both universities; and yet Mr. Newlight subsequently condescended to *purchase* a St. Andrew's degree! He could read God's word, he would argue, in his mother-tongue. That was sufficient to enable any man to learn the way of salvation if he were one of the elect;—if he were not, even had he the gift of tongues, it would be unavailing! With such means for commenting upon Scripture, it will not be surprising to find that Mr. Newlight's glosses were of the most extraordinary kind. That most beautiful and impressive illustration of a benignant and ever-watchful Providence over the minutest concerns of his creatures, ‘The very hairs of your head are all numbered,’ was thus tortured and mangled by Nicanor: he contended that it was meant by the Saviour to prove that the ‘*heirs of immortality*,’ the elect, were all numbered, and that consequently salvation was confined to a chosen few! Such were the commentaries and criticisms of Mr. Nicanor Newlight.”

We have scarcely any occasion to repeat our praise of the author's talents, for our extracts must have exemplified them; nor, perhaps, our censure of his entering too much into the privacies of life and personalities, for we fear that this fault also has been but too evident in our selections. It is, indeed, the sin of the age, and the bane of our literature.

Sir J. Malcolm's History of Persia.

WE are almost sorry to be brought in a third paper to an end of these characteristic and interesting extracts: but even the Persian empire must come to an end.

“The mountain of Alwund, near Hamadan, is supposed to produce some plants that are essential for finding the philosopher's stone; hence many persons in that city waste their life in the pursuit. A few years ago one of its rich inhabitants was assured by a poor man that he had made the glorious discovery: ‘But,’ said he, ‘if I, who am known to be poor, should suddenly become rich, my secret will be guessed, and I shall be seized and tortured till I reveal it. Now, if you possessed it, there could be no such danger. So I will trust you with my discovery; and if you are satisfied, after repeated experiments, that I have told the truth, you can give me a small portion of the wealth you must acquire, and I will go and end my days in devotion at the shrine of the holy Ali; for, that being under the Turkish government, I shall be safe from the danger to which my good fortune continually exposes me.’ The whole statement appeared so reasonable, that the hearer granted a ready belief. He was made acquainted with all the materials put into the

* “The fate of Gotham is memorable. I left him at Corwood in attendance on Mr. Grayburn as usual, but indisputably the greatest invalid of the two. He continued at intervals to press his dismissal; but was invariably answered—‘Now really, Gotham, when you know my constitution so well,—when you possess such a thorough and intimate acquaintance with my peculiar malady, a proposition of this nature is cruel. My end cannot be distant. It is well worth your while to await it. Still, if your determination is inflexible, take the consequences.’ Mr. Grayburn died at last, without warning, suddenly, and alone. The expectations held out by him to his medical attendant were not falsified. He bequeathed Gotham five hundred a year, which he enjoyed exactly nine weeks.”

crucibles except one, termed 'the earth of Bâdeos;' but this, his instructor assured him, was not only obtained at the mountain of Alwund, but in several other parts of Persia, and, being useful for many purposes, was to be found in most markets. He was, however, requested to send his servants to inquire into the correctness of this statement. They went, and brought back some of the earth, having purchased it at a very moderate rate. When every thing was ready, the experiment was made, and gold was produced. The merchant was rejoiced; but, to prevent deception, it was repeated, and with the same result. All doubts were removed; and he was only anxious to pay the purchase-money, and get rid of his partner. The man was contented with two thousand tomans, and proceeded to the Turkish province of Bagdad. The merchant, after he was gone, determined to begin making more gold; but the shopkeepers, who had sold the earth of Bâdeos, were gone. He thought it possible, however, that, though that essential ingredient was not in Hamadan, it might be found, as his friend had told him, in other cities. His correspondents at Shiraz, at Teheran, and Isfahan, received letter after letter, desiring them to discover and purchase all the Khâk-e-Bâdeos they could. No person had ever heard of its name. The rage of the merchant soon led to a detection of the fraud. The cunning fellow who had duped him, had filled down thirty or forty pieces of gold into some baskets of earth, which he had dignified with a fine name, and given to some accomplices to sell. He was, however, beyond the reach of justice; and the merchant, in addition to his pecuniary loss, had to bear the ridicule of every one acquainted with the story.

"In the winter of 1800 almost every person in our mission became blind, from the glare of the snow. The recovery was certain, but tedious: so when blind myself, I listened with delight to a message from the lady of a chief in whose house I was a guest, that she knew a certain and speedy remedy, provided I would permit her servants to apply it. I expressed my readiness to do so: a large vessel full of snow was put before me, and I was desired to place my face near it; a red-hot stone was then thrown into the vessel, and the sudden dissolution of the snow caused a very great perspiration, which was increased by a cloak being pulled at the same moment over my head. This remedy (which was administered twice), though very disagreeable, proved efficacious, and my sight was completely restored."

"When the British mission, some years ago, was in Irak, they saw a few pieces of bread, covered with oil, which were laid upon a rock, as an offering to a saint; and were told that these pieces of bread might enable them to ascertain the number of the sick in the black tents that were pitched near; as this offering was the usual, and almost the only, effort made to get rid of any disease that attacked them."

"The chiefs of a tribe among the mountains between Persia and the pachalic of Bagdad, assert that they possess a power, descended through many generations, of curing the ague, a common complaint in that country, by beating the patient in a very unmerciful manner. Their success is said to be great. Those who are skilled in medicine must determine how far this rude treatment can have the effects ascribed to it."

"I visited Kerrund twice: in 1800 and 1810. The first time, the chief of that place, Hedâyet Kooli Khan, saw one of the gentlemen of the mission lying in the tent, ill

of a quartan ague: he begged I would allow him to cure him; and, being asked what was his remedy, said he would beat him with sticks till he was well. The invalid declined the experiment; at which the chief was not a little offended, and brought a number of his followers to swear that they had been recovered by his blows. When I last visited this place, Hedâyet Kooli was dead. He had left ten sons; the eldest, Mahomed Ali Khan, was chief of the tribe. I asked him if he had inherited his father's knowledge of medicine. 'My practice,' he said, 'is equally successful. I tie them up by the heels when the cold fit is on, and bastinado them most severely, scolding them at the same time, so as to produce heat and terror, instead of a cold fit.' 'And you succeed?' 'Always.' 'Have you any patients but your own followers?' 'A few: those in the neighbourhood who have any sense, come to me when they are ill of the ague.' 'Can any of your brothers cure fevers?' 'No, no!' replied he, quickly; 'that is a gift or privilege confined exclusively to the head of the family.'

"There is, perhaps, no country where the inhabitants live so much upon sweatmeats as in Persia. The finest is the guzangabeen, made of the honey of the guz, or tamarisk tree, mixed with some flour and sugar. This honey is produced by an insect or small worm, which resembles a white thread. It lies on the leaf of the tree, and appears inert. During forty days in summer the insects are brushed off the leaves every three days, and they always collect again in astonishing numbers. The guzangabeen is chiefly found in Irak. I received the above description of it from an English gentleman, who saw the insect on the tree when travelling through that province."

"On my return from Teheran in 1800, I fell into company with an astrologer, who insisted upon my taking my horoscope, and foretelling my destiny. After the usual forms and calculations, he told me, that on my voyage to India I should meet with a violent storm; and after escaping it, should be made a prisoner. I observed, it was fortunate I had no belief in his skill; otherwise I should be unhappy in looking forward to misfortunes, from which I concluded there was no escape. There I was mistaken, he said; and, to satisfy me of the manner in which misfortune was to be averted, he would tell me a story: 'When Jesus was sitting at the gate of Jerusalem, he saw a wood-cutter pass out of the city, carolling as he went along. 'How ignorant man is of his destiny!' said the Son of Mary to his disciples. 'That poor fellow, who appears now so happy, will to-day perish in the wood.' When evening came, however, the man returned, singing louder than before. The disciples looked at each other and at their master. Jesus, reading their thoughts, said, 'O ye of little faith! you doubt my knowledge; but know, that the man whom you see carried only one small loaf of bread for his dinner; and when entreated by a person in distress to relieve him, he gave him half his loaf. God was pleased with this act, and saved his life. But go, and examine his bundle of wood, and you will find there the very snake which was appointed to cause his death.' They went, and saw the snake as Jesus had told them. 'You see,' said the astrologer, 'how it is possible to avert the decrees of the stars.' I could not refuse that trifling reward to his ingenuity which I had been prepared to deny to his pretended skill."

"A poet, who came fifty miles from Shiraz to welcome me with a complimentary ode, beau-

tifully written upon ornamented paper, was told that the person he had so praised could hardly comprehend his lines, and had no taste for such compositions. 'I must tell him a story,' then, said he, 'which will shew him how unnecessary the knowledge and taste he wants is to the fulfilment of my object. Some years ago, when the Affghans had possession of Persia, a rude chief of that nation was governor of Shiraz. A poet composed a panegyric upon his wisdom, valour, and virtues. As he was taking it to the palace, he met a friend at the outer gate, who inquired where he was going. He told him his purpose. His friend asked if he was insane, to offer an ode to a barbarian, who hardly understood a word of Persian.' 'All that you say may be true,' said he; 'but I am starving, and have no means of livelihood but making verses. So I must proceed.' He went and stood before the governor with the ode in his hand. 'Who is that fellow?' exclaimed the Affghan; 'and what is that paper which he holds?' 'I am a poet,' replied the man; 'and the paper contains some poetry.'

'What is the use of poetry?' said the chief. 'To render great men, like you, immortal,' he replied, making a very profound bow. 'Let us hear some of it.' The poet began to read his composition aloud; but he had not finished the second stanza, when he was interrupted. 'Enough!' exclaimed the governor; 'I understand it all. Give the poor man some money; that is what he wants.' The poet received his present, and retired quite delighted. He met his friend at the door, who accosted him again. 'You are, no doubt, now convinced of the folly of carrying odes to a man who does not understand a word of them.' 'Not understand!' he replied; 'you are quite mistaken. He has, beyond all men I ever met, the quickest apprehension of a poet's meaning.'

"The art of printing is unknown in Persia; beautiful writing, therefore, is considered a high accomplishment. It is carefully taught in the schools, and those who excel in it are almost classed with literary men. They are employed to copy books; and some have attained to such eminence in this art, that a few lines by one of these celebrated penmen are often sold for a considerable sum."

"The Persians have always been famed for their hospitality to strangers; but the chiefs of the warlike tribes are beyond all others remarkable for it. The khan of the tribe of Karagozooloo had prepared for the British mission his own house in the town, and removed to a country-seat at some distance. To this he one day invited the whole party; and, at his particular desire, every person, from the highest to the lowest, went. The train of the English envoy was increased by that of a Persian ambassador and his suite, who were proceeding to India. The cavalcade reached the khan's abode at an early hour, and stayed till near midnight. Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the entertainment. They were not, however, aware, till they had taken leave, of the extent of the attention they had been treated with. When they mounted to return home, they were informed, that while they had been at dinner, a sudden and severe frost having come on, every horse and mule of the party, amounting to nearly two hundred, had been rough shod, to prevent any accident occurring to the guests of the khan."

"I have known seven pounds given for four lines written by Dervish Muejed, a celebrated penman, who has been dead some time, and whose beautiful specimens of writing are now scarce."

The following is a singular custom at the weddings among the tribes:—

"On the morning that the bride is to be conveyed to the house or tent of the bridegroom, her friends assemble. If she is the daughter of a chief or of an elder, she is accompanied by all the horsemen whose attendance he can command: the party proceed, accompanied by dancers and music; and if the place of their destination is near, they take a circuitous road to it, that this part of the ceremony may be prolonged. When they appear at a distance, the bridegroom mounts his horse, and, attended by his friends, proceeds to meet the cavalcade. He holds an apple or an orange in his hand, and when sufficiently near to be certain of his aim, he throws it at her with considerable force, it being deemed fortunate to do so. All is silent attention from the time that the parties come near each other till this act, which is the signal for general uproar and confusion. The bridegroom wheels his horse round, and rides at full speed to his place of abode. Every horseman of the bride's party endeavours to seize him; and he that succeeds, has his horse, saddle, and clothes, as a reward. This, however, is only the case where the party is wealthy: among the poorer a few pieces of silver are paid as a fine to the successful pursuer. The bridegroom, however, is not often taken; for, as it is a point of honour to escape, he rides the fleetest horse of his tribe, and his friends endeavour by every means to favour his retreat."

We find we must yet defer till our next a sketch of how the King of Persia passes his time, with which we will really conclude our extracts from this amusing work.

Burckhardt's Travels in Arabia.

We had concluded all we intended to do by way of illustrating this volume, though greatly tempted to accompany the author to Medina and Yembo, when our notice was attracted by the following singular statement, No. II. of the Appendix, which speaks of customs so extraordinary that we cannot refuse it a place.

"The route of the Kabsy pilgrims lies wholly along the mountains of the Hedjaz and Yemen, having the Eastern plain on one side, and Tehama, or the sea-coast, on the other. The road often leads through difficult passes on the very summit of the mountains. Water abounds in wells, springs, and rivulets: the entire tract of country is well peopled, although not every where cultivated, enclosed fields and trees being only found in the vicinity of water. There is a village at every station of the Hadj: most of these villages are built of stone, and inhabited by Arab tribes, originally of these mountains, and now spread over the adjoining plains. Some are very considerable tribes, such as Zohran, Ghamed, Shomran, Asyr, and Abyda, of whom each can muster from six to eight thousand firelocks: their principal strength consists in matchlocks. Horses are but few in these mountains; yet the Kahtan, Refeydha, and Abyda tribes, who likewise spread over the plain, possess the good Koheyl breed. This country produces not only enough for the inhabitants, but enables them to export great quantities of coffee-beans, corn, beans, raisins, almonds, dried apricots, &c. Most of the Arab tribes south of Zohran belong to the sect of Zeyd: they live in villages, and are chiefly what the Arabs call Hadhar, or settlers, not Bedouins; but as they keep large herds of cattle, they descend, in time of rain, into the Eastern plain, which affords rich pasturage for cows, camels, and sheep."

Before the Wahabys taught them the true Mohammedan doctrines, they knew nothing more of their religion than the creed, *La Ilaha ill' Allah, wa Mohammed rasoul Allah* (there is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God); nor did they ever perform the prescribed rites. The El Merekede, a branch of the great Asyr tribe, indulged in an ancient custom of their forefathers, by assigning to the stranger who alighted at their tents or houses, some female of the family to be his companion during the night, most commonly the host's own wife; but to this barbarous system of hospitality young virgins were never sacrificed. If the stranger rendered himself agreeable to his fair partner, he was treated next morning with the utmost attention by his host, and furnished, on parting, with provisions sufficient for the remainder of his journey: but if, unfortunately, he did not please the lady, his cloak was found next day to want a piece, cut off by her as a signal of contempt. This circumstance being known, the unlucky traveller was driven away with disgrace by all the women and children of the village or encampment. It was not without much difficulty that the Wahabys forced them to renounce this custom; and as there was a scarcity of rain for two years after, the Merekedes regarded this misfortune as a punishment for having abandoned the laudable rites of hospitality practised during so many centuries by their ancestors. That this extraordinary custom prevailed in the Merekede tribe, I had often heard during my travels among the Syrian Bedouins, but could not readily believe a report so inconsistent with our established notions of the respect in which female honour is held by the Arabs; but I can no longer entertain a doubt on the subject, having received, both at Mekka and Tayf, from various persons who had actually witnessed the fact, most unequivocal evidence in confirmation of the statement. Before the Wahaby conquest, it was a custom among the Asyr Arabs, to take their marriageable daughters, attired in their best clothes, to the public market, and there, walking before them, to cry out, *Man yshyrt el aadera?* 'Who will buy the virgin?' The match, sometimes previously settled, was always concluded in the market-place; and no girl was permitted to marry in any other manner."

Constable's Miscellany, Vols. XXXI. XXXII. History of the Rebellions in Scotland, under the Marquess of Montrose and others, from 1638 till 1660. By Robert Chambers, author of the "History of the Rebellion in 1745." Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.

We know not how these very interesting volumes have lain so long neglected: if acknowledgment will amend the fault, we frankly make it, and do advise our readers to be less dilatory than we have been,—for amply do these pages repay the perusal. They contain a most animated picture of those strange times when political and religious fanaticism went hand in hand, and when it is difficult to say whether Covenanter or Royalist were the greater enthusiast. Mr. Chambers has preserved throughout a strict impartiality of detail; but we think all his readers will unite in his sympathy for the brave but most ill-fated Montrose, whose whole history is very beautifully told. As the general outline of events is well known, we shall endeavour rather to make our review a gleanings of the many curious anecdotes here collected.

It is singular how very zealous the fair sex seem to have been when the new Liturgy was

attempted to be introduced. "The most outrageous were observed to be women, and these chiefly serving-maids, who were then in the custom of bringing movable seats, and keeping them for their masters and mistresses. Some cried, 'We, wo! for this doleful day that they are bringing in popery among us!' Others, less delicate, called out to the dean, in allusion to some unrecorded circumstance of his life, 'Ill-hanged thief! gif at that time when thou wentest to court, thou hadst been well-hanged as thou wast ill-hanged, thou hadst not been here, to be a pest to God's church this day!' And he was also saluted with the title of 'a devil's gett (child), and one of a witch's breeding.' After a great deal of abusive language had been expended, an old woman, Janet Geddes by name, hearing the bishop call upon the dean to proceed with the collect of the day, exclaimed, in a voice loud enough to be heard above the hubbub, 'Deil co'te the wame o' ye!' and aimed at the head of the dean the small movable stool on which she sat. A shower of clasp Bibles followed, to the amount, says one chronicler, of 'whole pockfuls.' Providentially, Mrs. Geddes's 'ticket of remembrance,' as a merry annalist of the period terms it, did not take effect, the dean having the wisdom 'to jounk,' that is, to crouch, before it reached him, so that it passed over his head.

"A circumstance took place at this time within the church, which is so characteristic, that it can upon no account be omitted. An old woman, who had endeavoured to get out with the rest of the non-conformists, but without succeeding, took up her station in a remote corner of the cathedral, where she began to read her Bible, and endeavoured to stop her ears against the polluting sounds of the Service Book. As she was thus engaged, a young man, who sat behind her, happened to pronounce the word *amen* so audibly at the close of one of the prayers, as to disturb the strain of her devotions. Quite enraged at the near presence of what she esteemed so vile an abomination, she started up from her seat, gave the offender a severe blow with both her hands on the face, and thundered into his astounded ears, 'Pause thief, is there no other part o' the kirk where ye may say your mass, but ye maun say't at my lug (ear)!'"

"The Archbishop of Glasgow, at the convocation of his synod, in the end of August, caused one of his clergy to preach in favour of the Service Book, with the view of mollifying the people; but it was found that in that city the new doctrines had made no better progress than in Edinburgh. The preacher, Mr. William Annan, on his leaving the church was assailed with the most violent reproaches by a numerous band of devout females; and in the evening he met with a still more unequivocal manifestation of popular disapprobation. About nine o'clock, after supper, on his stepping out into the street with three or four ministers, with the intention of visiting the archbishop, he was no sooner observed, than he was surrounded by a multitude of the same viragoes, who proceeded, in the first place, to batter him with their fists, with sticks, and with pieces of pent; then rent off his cloak, hat, and ruff, and finally gave him what may be called in vulgar phrase a sound beating. The poor man roared lustily, which soon brought a number of the neighbours to their windows with lights; and the street being thus illuminated, the fair assailants quitted their victim, for fear of their faces being recognised. No inquiry could be made into this riot, be-

cause it was feared that the better orders of the people were chiefly concerned in it. * * *

"The mob of Edinburgh one day observing a coach pass down their principal street, which they supposed to contain the Viscount Aboyne, and conceiving that that young nobleman took this method of openly expressing his contempt for them, attacked the vehicle, stopped, overturned, and finally broke it. It happened, instead of the person they expected, to contain the Earl of Traquair, with some other officers of state. However, as they bore no good will to that nobleman, on account of his present open adherence to the king, they proceeded to bestow the abuse upon him which they had intended for another. He was violently hauled forth from the coach, beat almost to death by the fists of the 'devout women,' and, finally, as a mark of condign ignominy, they broke the white wand of office which was carried before him by his servant. On getting himself extricated from their hands, he applied to the magistrates of the city for redress; but the only solatium he got from that quarter was a present of a new white stick; which occasioned the cavalier wits to remark, that they seemed to value the affront put upon majesty in Traquair's person at only sixpence. * * *

"Amidst the multitude which flocked down from the city to Leith, there was an individual whose appearance excited unparalleled surprise, and perhaps scarcely less unparalleled ardour.—this was the dowager Marchioness of Hamilton, mother of the commander of the fleet, a stern old dame, who derived her predilections in favour of Presbytery from no less pure a source than her father, the celebrated Earl of Glencairn, who had been one of the chief Lords of the Congregation. Mounted on horseback, and with two pistols at her saddle-bow, this venerable lady* rode down to Leith, like another Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort, declaring to the crowd around her, that she would be the first to fire at her son, if he dared to set an inimical foot upon his native country."

We beg leave to say we quote as

"To all an example, to no one a pattern."

Our next selection will be from the many singular facts illustrative of Montrose's campaigns.

Military Directions.—"To a great body of Highlanders, who had no weapons at all, he gave these orders: 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'it is true you have no arms; your enemies, however, to all appearance, have plenty. My advice therefore is, that as there happens to be a great abundance of stones upon this moor, every man should provide himself, in the first place, with as stout a one as he can well manage, rush up to the first Covenanter he meets, beat out his brains, take his sword, and then, I believe, he will be at no loss how to proceed.' " Their victory was complete.

Speaking of the Irish who accompanied him:—"An anecdote has been preserved regarding one of these gallant fellows, which is at once valuable as shewing their spirit on the present occasion, and curious as a proof that the Irish national character was then precisely the same as at the present day. A cannon ball having shot off the leg of this brave man, so as only to leave it attached by a small piece of flesh or skin, and he perceiving that his comrades were somewhat affected at the sight, instead of

showing the slightest symptom of vexation or pain himself, he cried out—'Never' mind, my lads; if I can serve no more on foot, my lord marquess must just put me among the horse;' and deliberately pulling out a clasp-knife, he cut the limb fairly off, and handed it to a comrade 'for burial with the rest of the dead.' "

The march to Inverlochry is thus described:

"The tracks he pointed out had hitherto been traversed almost exclusively by the wild deer, or by the scarcely less wild adventurers who hunted them. The heights which it skirted or overpassed were as desert and lonely as the peaks of primeval chaos. The vast convulsed face of the country was as white and still as death, or only darkened in narrow black streaks by the irregular and far-extending lines of the marching soldiery. It must have been a scene of the greatest sublimity, to see these lonely human beings, so diminutive when compared to the wildernesses around them, hurrying and struggling on through hill and vale, and bank and pass; their arms either glancing fitfully and flickeringly under the low winter sun, or their persons obscured to a visionary and uncertain semblance by the snow-storm or the twilight; and all the while, the bloody purpose which animated them, and which gleamed in every face and eye, contrasting so strangely, in its transitory and unimportant nature, with the majestic and eternal solemnity of the mighty scene around them."

Some extraordinary personal feats are recorded.

"It happened that Deors or George MacAlister, the brave man who had commenced the battle, was also the last to give up the chase. He was toiling up a steep hill-side, in pursuit of two recreant Campbells, when they, observing that he had left his fellows far behind, took heart of grace, and resolved to rush back upon and despatch him. His situation being thus all at once changed from that of a triumphant pursuer to the condition of an over-trampled antagonist, he seemed to be in such danger, that a companion who was straining a good way behind him, could not help exclaiming, as he rushed forward to his rescue, 'Oh! the brave man is lost! the brave man is lost!' George, however, who had already killed no fewer than twenty-one of the enemy in active conflict, with his own hand, was not destined to fall a sacrifice at last to a pair of craven fugitives. Long before his friend came up, he had killed his opponents with two successive blows of his sword; though such was his excessive fatigue, or such the anxiety of his mind on the occasion, that he dropped down in a swoon almost at the same moment with the last of his antagonists. When the chase was over, and all the men had returned to the camp, it became necessary that they should look about for the means of solacing themselves with the breakfast for which they might then be supposed to have acquired so good an appetite. Having accordingly got a certain quantity of food scraped together, and being provided with a few pots from the neighbouring hamlet, they were all busily engaged in cookery, a small party seated in expectation around every separate fire, when a man came up, and, addressing one of these parties, presented a request that they would resign their pot in favour of Major-General Alister MacCol, who, it appeared, had somehow failed to procure one of these indispensable articles, though he was quite as anxious for his breakfast as any individual in the army. The men naturally demurred at a request which threat-

ened them with the loss of their much-wished-for meal; yet, as they entertained the warmest respect for MacCol, and were afraid, moreover, to disoblige a man so high in command, they were on the point of yielding up their pot. There was, however, one person in the party who had the hardihood to oppose so mean a concession. This was a man of the name of Robertson, of the family of Calvine in Athole, and by trade a blacksmith; a man of singularly athletic powers, a first-rate swordsman, and one who could use his weapons with prodigious effect; who, it also afterwards appeared, carried, under a boisterous external manner, a soul of the greatest and most genuine modesty. Robertson exclaimed loudly against the proposal to surrender the pot, and even vowed that he would keep it in spite of both his companions and MacCol. 'Tell the general,' he cried, addressing the messenger, 'that it was I who prevented you from getting the pot. What!' he added, turning in jest to his companions, 'if he killed twenty men to-day, I killed nineteen. If two more had come in my way, I believe I would have beat him. As it is, I think I am very nearly as good as he.'

"The reader will scarcely fail to be surprised when he is thus informed that three individual soldiers in Montrose's army slew sixty men in battle with their own hands. But when the prodigious strength and spirit of these men is seriously considered, and in contrast with the irresolution of the Campbells, his wonder will in a great measure cease. To convince him of the credibility of the fact, it may be mentioned, as a well-remembered peculiarity of MacCol in particular, that he never required to strike an enemy twice. He always fought with an immense two-handed sword; and such were the skill and strength with which he wielded his weapon, that one blow was quite sufficient to bring down any ordinary man. Upon the principle of '*exceptio firmat regulam*,' it may even be recorded, that there is one instance known by Highland tradition, of his favouring an enemy with a second stroke, and that was at this very battle, in the case of a peculiarly strong Macgregor, who had happened to espouse the Argyle interest. If one stroke, however, failed in this particular case, tradition has been careful to observe, that the second proved far more than sufficient.

"MacCol had been originally induced to command the Marquess of Antrim's men in Scotland, mainly by a desire of avenging by their means certain injuries which his family and himself had sustained at the hands of the Campbells. The feeling of hostility which he bore to that tribe had been rather increased than diminished since his arrival in Scotland; for, to mark their indignation at his conduct under Montrose, a party of them had seized his nurse, at her house in the Western Islands, and, with peculiar brutality, cut off one of her breasts, telling her that such was no more than she deserved, for having suckled so infamous a traitor. By their means, moreover, his father, Col Keitoch, and two junior brothers, were, at this very moment on their way to Edinburgh from the Hebrides, to be delivered up to the mercy of the Scottish Estates. It seems to have been under the influence of an intense feeling of revenge, consequent upon these atrocities, that he charged with such inconsiderate enthusiasm, and fought with such deadly effect, on the day of Inverlochry; and it will be seen from a deed which he committed after the heat of battle was passed, and which remains to be

* "It was reported at the time, and the report is not improbable,—that she had provided herself with a couple of gold bullets for this purpose, perhaps thinking that the premier nobleman of Scotland, and the representative, *pro tempore*, of majesty, was entitled to be shot with a better metal than ordinary lead."

recorded, that this dreadful passion was not stilled in his bosom by all the carnage he had that day achieved and witnessed. Soon after the close of the fight, a party of men who had pursued the chase for a considerable distance, brought up before their major-general a prisoner of no less distinction than Campbell of Auchinbreck, the experienced old soldier whom Argyle had called over from Ireland to take a part in the war, and to whom he had that day committed the command of his men, when he himself retired on board the galley. The unfortunate gentleman, on being brought into the presence of MacCol, thought proper to address him in a soothing strain, and mentioned in particular the degree of relationship in which they stood in regard to each other, hoping, it would appear, by leading the conversation into that channel, always so agreeable to a Highlander, to divert his captor's thoughts from any recollection of their former differences, and, as a matter of course, to procure the better treatment from him in his present unhappy circumstances. MacCol, who at once saw his drift, and resolved not to be carried away by it, replied to Auchinbreck's genealogical references, that, if they had time, he doubted not they might find a great deal to say upon that subject, and to some purpose too. 'In the meantime,' he added, 'as I know you to be a gentleman, both by family and profession—*Tigharm* [laird or proprietor] of Auchinbreck in Scotland, and of Dunlir in Ireland—I mean to confer a compliment upon you.' Auchinbreck uttered a profusion of acknowledgements, and eagerly inquired in what that compliment was to consist. 'Co dhùil a far lat d chroche no n chur dhìst?' thundered out MacCol. 'Which of the two will you prefer—to be hanged, or to have your head cut off?' 'Alas!' answered the unfortunate Campbell, 'Dè dhùil, gun aill nòen.' 'Two bads, without one choice;—a saying which has continued ever since proverbial in the Highlands. The words were scarcely uttered, when Alaster MacCol, with one sweep of his huge sword, sheared off the whole of his prisoner's head above the ears, and Auchinbreck lay a lifeless corpse upon the ground. It is invariably added by tradition, that Auchinbreck had, by his previous conduct towards MacCol, justified this violent and dreadful act of revenge, so far as such an act may be esteemed capable of justification.

The narrative of Montrose's death, however touchingly depicted, is beyond our limits. We must choose one from among his gallant companions in arms:—

"When brought to the scaffold, young Murray, malignant as he was, gained a higher degree of esteem among the spectators by his intrepid conduct, than Tulliebardine had done by the Roman virtue which he had just exerted in their own behalf. There was something in his last speech which even touched the hearts of that rude and stern multitude. 'I hope, my countrymen!' he exclaimed, 'you will reckon that the house of Tulliebardine, and the whole family of Murray, have this day acquired a new and no small addition of honour, inasmuch as a young man, descended of that ancient race, has, though innocent and in the flower of his age, with the greatest readiness and cheerfulness, delivered up his life for his king, the father of his people, and the most munificent patron and benefactor of that family from which he is sprung. Let not my honoured mother, my dearest sisters, my kindred, nor my friends, lament the shortness of my life, seeing that it is so abundantly recom-

pensed by the honour of my death. Pray for my soul, and God be with you!'"

The following letter of Oliver Cromwell to his wife must have a place:—

"Dunbar, 4th September, 1650.

"My Dearest,—I have not leisure to write much, but I could chide thee, that in many of thy letters thou writest to me, that I should not be unmindful of thee and my little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice. The Lord hath shewed us an exceeding mercy. Who can tell how great it is? My weak faith hath been upheld. I have been in my inward man miraculously supported. I assure thee I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvellously stealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease! Pray on my behalf in the latter respect. The particulars of our late success, Henry Vane or Gil. Pickering will impart to thee. My love to all our dear friends.—Thine, O. CROMWELL."

We must also mention a curious item in the accounts of the English commissioners, that during the short stay of the Scottish army they consumed 80,000*l.* worth of cabbage.

We most cordially recommend not only these volumes, but the whole Miscellany of which they form an interesting part. Prettily got up, neatly printed, and very moderate in price, we know of no literary collection more worthy of public patronage.

Liber Scholasticus; or, an Account of the Fellowships, Scholarships, and Exhibitions, at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; by whom founded, and whether open to Natives of England and Wales, or restricted to particular Places and Persons; also of such Colleges, Public Schools, Endowed Grammar Schools, Chartered Companies of the City of London, Corporate Bodies, Trustees, &c., as have University Advantages attached to them, or in their Patronage. With appropriate Indexes and References. London, 1829. Rivingtons. 12mo, pp. 500.

We have copied this title-page at full length, because it helps us to indicate the design of one of the most useful works of its class, to which the industry of our time has been turned. A guide-book, of so much interest to parents looking forward to the successful education of their children, cannot be put into their hands; and, with regard to local rights and endowments, it is of the utmost value. The thousand corruptions* which the lapse of years has introduced into many beneficial provisions for the instruction of designated parties (thence well devised to spread through a people) are beginning to be exposed, and we trust removed; but, not to look at this part of the subject at all, the utility of this publication is great, simply in pointing out where privileges exist, and the means of acquiring them. Every county has its bequests and endowments; and who is there in the middle ranks of life who would not desire to know, that by placing his son at A. instead of B., he affords him a good chance of that sort of education, which not only enlarges the mind, but offers the noblest objects of ambition as prizes to the emulous and enlightened? The "*Liber*" sets out with the University of Oxford, its Colleges, and their

* All the deviations from original intents are not, however, corrupt. Heirs, and the representatives of heirs, fall before the sieve of death; corporations, religious institutions, and other seemingly everlasting bodies, cease to exist; and even the objects specified become impossible. In all such cases there ought to be a rational adjustment agreeable to the spirit of the age, and not a perversion.

several scholarships; Cambridge follows in the same way; and we have next similar details respecting public schools, such as Eton, Westminster, &c. The succeeding division is worthy of much attention: it states the endowed grammar-schools, arranged by counties, which have University advantages attached to them; and this is followed by an equally desirable description of the fellowships, exhibitions, &c. in the patronage of London and other corporate bodies, trustees, &c. throughout the kingdom. An ample index concludes the whole, and renders the work, for reference, still more valuable. Altogether, it supplies an important desideratum in our literary and scholastic records; and we trust to see many future editions of it, improved, enlarged, more explanatory, and no less judiciously compiled.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Flowers of Anecdote, Wit, Humour, Gaiety, and Genius. With Etchings by T. Landseer. London, 1829. Tilt.

A COLLECTION from hundreds of publications, so as to make a very fair modern Joe Miller, though with more of anecdote and story, and, of course, less of wit, than its immortal prototype. It is, however, taken altogether, one of the best things of its class with which we have met,—various, brief, entertaining, and unsoiled by any taint of ribaldry. We cordially recommend it to the lovers of jokes at the same time piquant and inoffensive. It is ornamented by some smart etchings by T. Landseer.

NIEBUHR, the well-known historian, has lately brought out the first volume of his historical and philological works, which, as a collection of most valuable detached pieces, chiefly on classical literature, will, no doubt, be a welcome present to European scholars. The lovers of the curious and paradoxical will find in it a sufficient portion of both; but few will, perhaps, agree with the author, that Plato was not a good citizen, and that Xenophon was a radical (*ein grundschelechter bürger*). There are, of general interest, in this volume: 1. An excellent biography of his father, Carsten Niebuhr, the oriental traveller. 2. An introduction to his lectures on Roman history. 3. General view of Roman historiography, together with the character of the Roman people and state. 4. The history of the rise and decline of the ancient city of Rome, and the restoration of the modern city. 5. The earliest state and condition of the streets in Rome.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GEOLOGY: FRANCE.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—In turning over some numbers of the *Literary Gazette* for the year 1827, I met, under the date of August 8th of that year, a review of the Geology, &c. of the Central Parts of France. It states, that "the central provinces of that kingdom were known to have been the theatre of very extensive volcanic agency at some distant era, yet comparatively recent with regard to the formation even of the upper series, which constitutes the present crust of the earth." It also states, "that as yet those matters have only been partially noticed, in different unconnected publications, either by French or by English geologists."

Now, sir, with respect to the first quotation from Mr. Scrope, it is known that there is extant a document which proves the date of great volcanic agency in the fifth century. This document consists of a letter from Sidonius Apollinaris, who was Bishop of Cler-

mont in Auvergne, sometime in the fifth century (for he was born in 430, and died in 487), to Mamertus, Bishop of Vienne in Dauphine, requesting from him a copy of the form of rogations used by the latter on the irruption of the northern hordes, who entered France by that route, to avert the evils of that event; "for a more dreadful calamity had befallen parts of his diocese, from the breaking out of a creeping fire, which was consuming the surface of a considerable district in those parts, particularly in Velay and in Vivarais." This letter is preserved in one of the public libraries at Rome; but the circumstance itself is ascertained by Dupin, in his Ecclesiastical History of the Fifth Century. It is curious that this is the only record of so important and so recent an event in the volcanic history of Europe.

With respect to the second point, there is in existence, in the library of a gentleman in this county (Down, Ireland), a folio work, with very fine engravings, brought over by the Earl of Bristol when Bishop of Derry, *sur les Volcans éteints du Vivarais*, by a M. Faujas de St. Fond; which treats very extensively upon that subject—containing views and sections of a great variety of volcanic remains, as well as of several ranges of basaltic columns. This copy is, I should suppose, the only one in Great Britain or Ireland. As it is so scarce, then, it is not surprising that it should have escaped Mr. Scrope's notice.

Being in possession of these facts, I thought it but proper to communicate them through the medium of the *Literary Gazette*, which has afforded me so much information and amusement. I remain, sir, &c. C. D.—s.

M. Faujas de St. Fond is mentioned in the Baron de Grimm's Memoirs, as a scientific man, and having written an excellent Natural History of the Mountains of Vivarais.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Friday Evening, Feb. 6.

MR. B. R. GREEN "on the Study of Ancient Coins in connexion with History."

The lecturer, in his exordium, pointed out some of the reasons which he conceived had retarded the cultivation of this study; these he stated to be—the difficulty of obtaining coins, the engravings in the early medallic works being calculated to misguide the student, unnecessary fears of pedantry, and the deficiency of works in which the system has been methodised. After enumerating a few of the advantages to be derived from a cultivation of numismatics, and its sources of amusement, he exhibited the gradual progress of the art, by a representation of the early coins on a diagram board: he then pointed out the importance of chronology in the study of history, and the great assistance afforded by historical charts. The lecturer concluded by directing the attention of his auditors to the coins of the Greek kings, comprehending those of Macedon, Sicily, Asia Minor, Egypt, Syria, Parthia, &c. Mr. Green retired amidst considerable approbation.

On the library-table for the evening were the cosmotheses and cosmographically mounted globes of Major Muller. The inventor was present, and explained the facility with which problems can be resolved by these globes: he also pointed out the number of questions they were capable of answering, beyond those to

* Though our literary interest in the subject illustrated by this letter is some months in the wane, it throws so much light upon a remarkable phenomenon, that we insert it without hesitation; and shall (*entre nous*) be glad to hear from its writer whenever convenient.

which the globe mounted in its ordinary manner is applicable.

The exceedingly delicate galvanometer constructed by M. Nobili was also upon the table. Several hundred turns of the multiplying wire are, in this instrument, made to act at one time upon the needles, so that the weakest current of electricity passing through them is at once rendered evident. It was with this instrument that M. Nobili was able to demonstrate the current of electricity passing between the nerve and muscle of a frog. Those who examined it on the table could also discern another great proof of its delicacy, in the deflection of the needles by the silver multiplying wire alone. It is uncertain whether this effect, first discovered by M. Nobili, is due to the possession of magnetic power by the silver itself, or to a minute quantity of iron in it or upon its surface. Several other interesting subjects and presents were upon the table.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—SECOND MEETING—NEW SERIES.

ON Tuesday the second meeting of the new series was held; Sir P. Duckett, Bart. V.P., in the chair. The subject of this evening's illustration was the manufacture of fayence, porcelain, and the finer kinds of ornamental and table earthenware.

The secretary, Mr. Aikin, commenced his discourse by stating that the ancient Greeks and Romans appear to have been unacquainted with vitreous glazes for pottery; and that the invention of such glazes, whether opaque or transparent, seems to have originated in China. The invasion and conquest of this empire by Zenghis Khan, in 1212, was probably the event that made known to the rest of Asia, and to Europe, the art of glazing earthenware. Lacked tiles were employed in the internal decoration of some of the apartments of the Alhambra, built by one of the Moorish sovereigns of Granada, in 1280; and, nearly about the same time, in the external decorations of the tomb of Sultan Mohamed Khoda-Bendeh, at Sultanieh, in Persia. In the fifteenth century, the same species of ornament was employed in the construction of the painted mosque in the now ruined city of Gour in India; specimens of which, from the East India Museum, were laid before the meeting.

The Secretary then proceeded to the subject of fayence, which he defined to be a body of common earthenware, covered by an opaque vitreous glaze, and ornamented by designs in enamel colours. He gave an historical sketch of this art, as practised in Italy from the time of Lucadella Robbia, at the end of the fourteenth century; and exhibited an extremely fine series of plates of fayence, containing designs from Raffaello, from the collection R. H. Solly, Esq.; and two interesting specimens, the one of painted, and the other of embossed fayence, belonging to F. Winders, Esq. He then traced the progress of this art to the Netherlands, where it assumed the name of delftware; and from which country it passed into England, about two hundred years ago, in consequence of a small colony of Dutch potters having settled at Lambeth. Within the last fifty years, however, the potters, at this latter place, have substituted the manufacture of stone-ware for delft, being beat out of the market by the far superior earthenware, for table use, now made in Staffordshire. The process of the manufacture of delft-ware, as carried on by Mr. Wisker, the only Lambeth potter at present engaged in it, was described and illustrated by specimens.

The Secretary next entered on the subject of porcelain. He discussed the opinion first professed by Joseph Scaliger, whether the Murine cups, which were first seen at Rome in the triumph of Pompey over Asia and Pontus, were Chinese porcelain. He then noticed the importation of porcelain from China by the Portuguese, in the latter half of the sixteenth century—described the process of the manufacture as carried on in China, from the memoir of the Père d'Entrecolles, and other authorities; and illustrated this part of the subject by the exhibition of various splendid and curious specimens, furnished by H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, President of the Society—by D. Pollock, Esq., one of the Vice-presidents,—and by C. Copland, R. C. Sidney, M. H. Solly, and W. Brockedon, Esqrs. He then treated of the porcelains in imitation of the oriental ones made at Dresden, at Paris, at Berlin, and in England; and exhibited characteristic specimens of each, furnished by the gentlemen above mentioned, by J. Yates, Esq., A. Barry, Esq., Mr. Lemann, and J. Morrison, Esq.; by Messrs. Pellatt and Co., More and Co., and Davenport and Co. He also shewed several very fine specimens of transparencies executed in porcelain biscuit, sent by Mr. Brady.

The ornamental and table earthenware of Staffordshire, and other parts of England, were last treated of. The Secretary began by a review of the immense improvements made in this art by the late Mr. Wedgewood, and illustrated them by the exhibition of specimens furnished by J. Wedgewood, Esq., and by a perfect copy of the Portland Vase, executed in black and white by Mr. Wedgewood, now in the collection of Mr. Pellatt. He then gave a summary detail of the various processes of the manufacture; and illustrated the several varieties by a very fine and instructive series, sent by Messrs. Davenport and by Mr. Pellatt.

At the usual meeting of the Society on Wednesday evening, the minutes of a former meeting—discontinuing the use of the King's Theatre for the annual distribution of prizes, and of returning to the Society's house—were confirmed.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

ON Monday evening, the first meeting or conversation for the season was held in the spacious hall of the College in Pall Mall East. In the absence of Sir Henry Hallford, Bart., the president, the chair was filled by Dr. Maton.

Two papers were read by Dr. Macmichael; one of the late Dr. Baillie, containing some additional observations of that eminent physician upon a peculiar form of palsy; the other was the Report, drawn up by Dr. Gregory, of the experience of the Small-Pox Hospital for the last year. Notwithstanding the number of cases of small-pox admitted into that hospital during the past year, and some reported cases of failure of vaccination, it was very gratifying to hear that not one of these cases of failure could, in any instance, be traced to the national vaccine establishments; it is, therefore, to be presumed, that the apparent want of protection was caused, in many cases, by some imperfection of the mode in which vaccination had been performed.

After Dr. Macmichael had left the rostrum, the refreshment-rooms were thrown open. The company, which comprised almost every person of eminence connected with the medical and scientific circles now in town, did not separate till past eleven o'clock.

FRENCH SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION IN
EGYPT.

ANOTHER letter from M. Lenormand, dated from the Nile, near Syout, November 6, 1828, has just been received in Paris. M. Lenormand announces that he has prepared a full description of the grotto of Beni-Hassan; and that on examining them, he was much struck with the painting, which appears to him to have been executed in the ninth century, before our era, at which time the art of painting in Egypt had arrived at about the same degree of power as painting in France in the middle age, just before the time of John Cousin. Whilst the painters and draftsmen attached to the expedition were busy in the grotto, M. Lenormand made several excursions in the vicinity. After a few days fruitlessly employed, he discovered a large ravine, which appears to have afforded him ample scope for observation. He says, "A number of little rooms were cut in its sides. My heart began to beat at seeing several doors architecturally decorated. I first entered a tomb, the paintings on which were unfortunately effaced; and then a suite of apartments, on the door of which I recognised Alexander's cartouche, but I did not at first understand its destination; at last I reached a façade, composed of eight enormous pillars, on two lines. The large religious bas-reliefs which I saw upon the wall, plainly indicated that it was a subterranean temple, dedicated by King Maudoné, one of the ancestors of Sesostris, to Bubastis, the goddess of cats. Bubastis was to the Greeks the same as Diana; and the place adjoining the temple is called in the itineraries the grotto of Diana. What is more, the Egyptian name of this place, which is found in the inscriptions of the temple, was Abenni; whence it follows, that the modern name of Beni-Hassan, in spite of its Arabian construction, is, like almost all those of Egypt, nothing but an ancient Egyptian name corrupted. I understood next day, from the caimacan of Beni-Hassan, that many mummies of cats were found in the environs; and this was an additional motive for me to put myself in activity. To my great astonishment, the caimacan first conducted me into the midst of the sandy plain which separates the Nile from the mountain; and, instead of a sort of museum, where I thought I should find the cats properly classified, shewed me a large hole, shaped like a funnel, and the bones of the cats were to be taken from the earth by raking it with the hands. We then directed our steps towards the mountain, and though we did not go the same way as on the preceding evening, I discovered that the route led to the temple. We soon reached the door ornamented with Alexander's cartouche, and our men began to rake up the ground with their hands and take out the cats. These animals were wrapped up by dozens in pieces of embalmed linen, and placed upon clean matting; but they were very much reduced in size. The dogs were not less numerous than the cats; and I recognised amongst them several heads of that beautiful species of greyhound, the representation of which I had admired in the most remarkable tombs of Beni-Hassan. When the light pierced through the suite of rooms, whose destination I could not understand the previous evening, I saw an enormous quantity of cats' bones piled upon the earth, which left no doubt that this was the last resting-place of cats of high life. I also took up a bone, which, at my return, the naturalist of the Tuscan expedition said he thought had belonged to a

lion or a tiger; in fact, Bubastis, whose temple is in the vicinity, and who is well known to be the goddess of cats, is represented in his temple, and on the door of the subterranean edifice, with the head of a lioness or tigress. It appears from this, that, by a feeling in conformity with scientific information, the ancient Egyptians confounded all animals of the feline race. I afterwards discovered, that the pits which I had remarked in the plain were destined, as Herodotus has stated, to the purpose of macerating all the animals together, so that they should not occupy so much room in the lower sepulture at the feet of the aristocratic *Mnemonium*."

M. Lenormand then proceeds to describe the village of Beni-Hassan and its inhabitants. This village he states to be surrounded by a plantation of date-trees, each of which is taxed at rather more than sixpence English. Besides this tax, the cultivator is compelled to dispose of his dried dates at an arbitrary price fixed by the pasha, and upon that the caimacan takes a profit for his own benefit. The distress and misery of these poor inhabitants is feelingly described by M. Lenormand. The letter then goes on to say—"We had the pain of finding Antinoë razed to the ground, and Achmounein, Antaeopolis, and Elephantine, destroyed to procure lime. Lœugor is sold to a salt-petre manufacturer. The theatre, the two large streets with porticoes, and the triumphal arch of Antinoë, have disappeared. The colossal portico of Achmounein has been transformed into the locks of a canal and a sugar-refinery. You may judge of the impression which our visit to Antinoë made upon us. As to Achmounein, we would not even descend there; for we were too sure of the irreparable loss which archeology and the arts had suffered. But God had reserved a consolation to us for the evening. There exists on the right bank of the Nile, about two leagues to the south of Antinoë, a Pharaonic city, whose streets, houses, and edifices, are quite entire: its inhabitants abandoned it for an unknown reason. This city, like the whole of ancient and modern Egypt, is built upon a uniform system, with plain bricks dried in the sun, but whose antiquity is discoverable from the dimension, and the care taken in the formation, of every piece. With such fragile matter the Egyptians, favoured by their climate, have constructed immense and indestructible monuments, such as the sacred enclosure of Saïs, which we saw at Cairo. There is also at Psinaula (the ancient name of the Egyptian Pompeii) an enclosure of bricks, where there was a temple, which has been entirely destroyed. What seemed most curious, and deeply attracted my antiquarian attention, were the remains of the interior ornaments of several houses, and particularly the traces of painting round several rooms, as fresh as if it had just been traced. These walls, of dried bricks, were merely washed with lime, in the Arabian manner. The painting was traced upon this plaster rather thickly, and has remained entire. They form a sort of tasty Greek fringe, which looks well, in spite of the smallness of the enclosures which they were intended to decorate."

We are glad to state that M. Lenormand gives a most satisfactory account of the state of health of all the members of the expedition.

Paris, February 6.

LETTERS of a recent date were received yesterday from the French literati and artists now in Egypt. Those of M. Champollion, jun. are dated from Thebes, Nov. 24, 1828.

They contain highly interesting details relative to the antiquities of Beni-Hassan, Antinoë, Lycopolis, Antaeopolis, Sanopolis, Ptolemais, Dendera, Coptos, Apolinopolis, Parva, and Thebes. We shall immediately publish extracts from these letters. All the travellers were in perfect health, and on their way to Syene and Nubia.

Paris, 30th January.

M. H. VIDAL, late secretary and chief interpreter to the French consulate at Bagdad, and now attached in the same capacity to that at Alexandria, has just arrived at Paris. This learned traveller has traversed several times, and in various directions, Mesopotamia, Armenia, Babylonia, Arabia Deserta, Persia, Kurdistan, &c. The Geographical and Asiatic Societies expect with impatience the valuable information which M. Vidal has been so kind as to promise to communicate to them. It relates chiefly to Ecbatana and the Aqueduct of Semiramis. These documents are extremely interesting, and we hope that we shall shortly be able to lay them before our readers.

AFRICA, EGYPT, NUBIA: TRAVELS OF
M. RIFFAULT.

M. JOMARD has communicated to the Geographical Society a letter which he has received from M. Tordouzan, at Marseilles, recommending to him M. Riffault, a traveller in Egypt and Nubia, who, after having stopped for a year at Marseilles, has now arrived at Paris. M. Jomard, on presenting M. Riffault to the Society, announced that he had brought with him an immense number of drawings, and that he thinks the Society will be interested in the examination of those performances.

M. G. Barbic du Bocage said, that M. Riffault had brought to their meeting a part of his collection of drawings as a specimen: he read the following sketch of the results of M. R.'s travels:—

"M. Riffault, he said, whose return to Europe has been announced by several journals, left France in 1807. He has passed twenty years in visiting Spain, the islands in the Mediterranean, Turkey, Egypt, and Nubia: he has formed numerous collections in all the branches of natural history, of antiquities, arts, and manufactures, and taken a multitude of notes during his travels. During thirteen years he has been constantly engaged in traversing, exploring, and excavating the soil of Egypt and Nubia. The number of drawings which he has brought home may be stated at 6,000. The cases containing his collections will be shortly at Paris.

"This collection of drawings consists of 500 plants, coloured, with all the details of their flowers and fructification; many hundred drawings of fish, shells, and insects, with the figure of the skeletons of the former; 1000 drawings of quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and insects, of Egypt and Nubia; likewise with drawings of the skeletons: the drawings of antiquities also are innumerable, and executed with the most minute attention. We are indebted to M. Riffault for the discovery of seventy statues, several of which now adorn the museums of Tunis, Rome, Florence, London, Munich, &c. He has also discovered and cleared six temples and monuments at Thebes. Two hundred and sixty Greek, Latin, and hieroglyphic inscriptions have been copied and transcribed by himself. The geography and topography of those countries are enriched by maps, plans, and views, also taken by him. Seventy drawings represent the ornaments of female dress. There are

also drawings of 230 surgical instruments used in these countries. Agriculture and the instruments it employs, meteorology, music, art, and manufactures, all have a place in this rich collection.

"All these are accompanied with more or less extensive notes, which alone fill fourteen volumes. We have only to regret, that the traveller has not been able by astronomical, geodetical, and trigonometrical observations, to connect his own geographical and topographical remarks with the great works already executed."

SUGAR FROM BEET-ROOT.

THE French appear to be very sanguine of complete success in the production of sugar from beet-root, so as to do without foreign sugar altogether. It is stated in a French paper, upon the authority of the evidence given before the Commercial Commission of Inquiry, that there are now in France nearly a hundred manufactories for the fabrication of sugar from beet-root; and that it is calculated that in the course of the present year the quantity of raw sugar made from this root will be at least 5,000,000 kilogrammes (rather more than 10,000,000 pounds), which is double the quantity of last year. It is believed, says the French journalist, that at no very distant period the production of sugar in France will equal the consumption, and that the competition which will arise out of this circumstance, added to the perfection introduced into the mode of fabrication, will undoubtedly contribute towards a considerable fall in the price.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Half's New General Atlas. Part XIII.

Longman and Co.

EXCELLENT maps of Africa, so interesting to modern geography; of Egypt; and of Chile, La Plata, Bolivia, and Upper Peru, are the contents of this Part; of which we need only say, that it is as ably and handsomely executed as any of its predecessors.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Feb. 7.—On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—G. Dawson, Fellow of Exeter College; Rev. F. Drake, Worcester College.
Bachelors of Arts.—J. J. Scott, Exeter College, Grand Compounder; H. Vaughan, Scholar, W. N. Snowe, Worcester College; T. Page, Magdalen Hall; F. Powell, Christ Church; W. P. Vyner, University College; C. Winer, Wadham College.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 6.—The late Dr. Smith's annual prizes of £25 each, to the two best proficient in mathematics and natural philosophy among the commencing Bachelors of Arts, were on Friday last adjudged to Mr. Cavendish, of Trinity College, and Mr. Philpott, of Catherine Hall, the second and first Wranglers.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

NOVEMBER 27th, 1828.—A paper was read entitled, "on the Stability of Canoes," by W. Walker, Master R.N.; communicated by the president.

The author having, in a former paper, endeavoured to shew that the longitudinal axis on which a ship rolls, by the force of the wind on her sails, does not pass through the common centre of gravity, but always coincides with the plane of flotation, proceeds, in the present memoir, to the demonstration of his second proposition, namely, that the stability of a floating body is a maximum when the part immersed in the fluid is equal to half its magnitude; or, which is the same thing, when its total weight is half that of the fluid which it would displace by complete submersion. For this purpose he investigates the case of a canoe, supposed to

have no stability in itself, and connected by an outrigger with a balance-boat at a certain distance; and shews that the power of such a boat in preventing the oversetting of the canoe, by the action of a horizontal force applied to the sails, is greatest when its weight is exactly the half of that of an equal volume of the fluid. Boats with outriggers, he observes, are admirably adapted for velocity, for they are enabled to carry a press of sail without ballast; they displace little water, and they move near the surface, where the resistance is less than at a greater depth. The application of a ballast-boat by an outrigger has, however, the disadvantage of tending to turn the prow of the canoe towards the wind; an inconvenience which the experienced Indian obviates by constructing his canoe with one side nearly a plane, so that the oblique influence of the fluid on the prow is balanced by the resistance of the boat; and the flat side of the canoe being always turned to leeward, presents great resistance to lee-way, and very little to going ahead.

The author then notices the case of a double canoe, or one composed of two equal and similar canoes joined together by one common deck; and shews that the same general proposition respecting the conditions of the maximum of stability applies to the double as well as to the single canoe.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

THE meetings of January 21 and February 4 were not very numerously attended, and no papers were read. On Wednesday (4th) the president, the Bishop of Salisbury, was in the chair, and the business consisted chiefly in the reception of books, &c. presented, the ballot for members, and the proposition of others.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Saturday, Feb. 7.

THE president, the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, in the chair. A paper was read, entitled, "an account of the Cave Temples of Adjutah in Berar;" by Lieut. Alexander, of the 16th Lancers, M.R.A.S.

The first ballot for the admission of a member of the Bombay Literary Society into the Asiatic took place, and terminated in the unanimous election of the party. Professor Adlung, of the Oriental Institute of St. Petersburg; Professor Schmidt, of the same city; Professor Grotefend, of Hanover; and Père L'Amiot, one of the Catholic missionaries in China—were severally balloted for, and elected foreign members.

Sir Alexander Johnston and others made several donations to the Society. An original portrait of the late Col. M'Kenzie, surveyor-general of India, attended by two Brahmins who had acted as *aides-de-camp* to the colonel, was presented by Sir Alexander Johnston, and was much admired for the fidelity with which it was executed.

NUMISMATICS.

THE rich collection of Greek medals formed in the Levant, and with long researches in Europe, by the late Allier de Hauteroche, has acquired great and merited celebrity in the learned world. The heirs of that distinguished antiquary have resolved to offer it for sale; and the description of this cabinet has just been published, at Paris, by M. Dumersan (employed in the cabinet of medals of the King's Library), in one vol. 4to., with sixteen plates. We find, from this catalogue, that the number of medals, in all kinds of metal, amounts to more than 5,000: none of these are of lower value than eight or ten francs; at least a third are valued

at fifty or sixty francs each: among the others are found the rarest medals, the prices of which exceeding 200 francs, is for some of them 1,000, 1,500, 2,000, and 2,500 francs. These two last prices are those of the Ptolemy Evergees I., and of the Berenice, in gold. We observe nearly forty cities new to numismatical geography; and the number of inscribed medals belonging to known cities constitutes nearly one third of the collection. The rarest of them are represented on beautiful plates. The uncommon merit of this cabinet recommends it to the learned of all countries, and to governments which patronise the historical sciences. The complete description affords ample information.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 10. *Highlanders returning from Deer-stalking*. E. Landseer, A.R.A.—An improvement even upon the very fine picture of the same subject which we noticed last year.

No. 39. *Village near a River; Showery Weather*. J. Linnel.—Admirable. We question if the figures in the foreground are not injurious.

No. 41. *Sunshine; Storm coming on*. R. Farrier.—A pictorial pun! The sunshine is the innocent dalliance of a loving young couple; and the storm coming on is the threatening gesture of a crabbed old mother, just making her appearance.

No. 173. *The Deserter*. R. Farrier.—Evidently a companion to "Who'll serve the King?" of last year. The reduplication of the subject in the background is well imagined.

No. 29. *The Dead Bird*. No. 43. *The Mask*. W. Gill.—Mr. Gill has adopted a style of singular sweetness and delicacy. These are delightful specimens of it.

No. 56. *Moon rising over a wild mountainous Country*. No. 67. *Sunset*. F. Danby, A.R.A.—Highly poetical works. We prefer the former.

No. 104. *Fruit*. G. Lance.—At this season of the year, when gratification is impossible, it is hardly fair in Mr. Lance to make our mouths water with such a delicious assemblage. As a work of art, nothing can surpass it.

No. 155. *A Native of Missolonghi, painted at Rome*. T. Hollins.—Highly creditable to Mr. Hollins's talents. It is curious to remark the approximation in hue of most of the pictures recently painted in Italy by English artists. Is it, among other things, attributable to the use of some peculiar pigment?

No. 180. *The Combat*. J. Perez.—Composed with great skill, and highly picturesque.

No. 181. *Waiting for an Answer*. P. C. Wonder.—Although perhaps deficient in some respects, Mr. Wonder views nature with a feeling very similar to that of De Hooze. He has imparted great character to his figures.

No. 208. *The Tea-cup*. T. Clater.—A medical cynic might say of this subject, which is fortune-telling by the grounds of tea, "Is it not enough that this vile herb is to debilitate the physical system of our women, but must it also weaken their minds by leading to a miserable superstition?" The picture is, however, cleverly painted. The contrast between the credulous young female and the artful old crone is well maintained; and the execution of the accessories is very creditable to Mr. Clater's talents.

No. 255. *A Dutch Girl*. G. S. Newton, A.R.A.—If this graceful and lovely gem of the mantle has been really painted from a Dutch girl, we think that the females of Holland are

much indebted to Mr. Newton for rescuing the character of their beauty from the graphic aspersions of their countrymen, Rembrandt, Teniers, Jan Steen, Ostade, &c.

No. 256. *The poor Dog*. E. Landseer, A.R.A.—Few historical painters can infuse so much of character and sentiment into their works as Mr. Landseer imparts to his pictures of animal life. What can be more affecting than this representation of a faithful and heart-broken creature, contemplating the grave of his beloved master? The subject must have been suggested by kindly feelings, and genius alone could have invested it with the solemnity of effect so accordant with the occurrence.

No. 223. *Securing a Deserter*. H. P. Parker.—Whatever skill may be displayed in the composition, expression, and execution of a work of art, if the subject of it be so treated by the artist as to violate the feelings of a good member of society, and to excite sympathy for an offender, and aversion towards those by whom offence is justly punished, it appears to us that his powers are misapplied.

No. 355. *The Chapel of the Virgin Church of St. Pierre, at Caen*. D. Roberts.—We have always recognised qualities of a very superior order in the works of this able artist; but, whether it proceeds principally from the magical management of the light, the rich splendour of the colouring, or the singular facility of the handling, we know not, there appears to us to be in this interior a union of excellences surpassing that in any of his former productions. We would express the same opinion of No. 160, *Utrecht*; by G. Jones, R.A.

No. 222. *A Public Breakfast*. E. T. Parris.—This is the first time that any of the easel-works of this artist have been so placed as to give an opportunity for a fair inspection of them; and we are happy in being enabled to speak as highly of his talents when the exhibition of them is thus confined within the compass of an ordinary-sized picture, as we lately did when we described their display over whole acres of canvases, at the Colosseum. In addition to his other qualities, Mr. Parris seems to possess as rich a vein of humour as we have observed since the days of Hogarth. This is a production which shows the singular versatility of his powers; and it must place him high in the estimation of those who can enjoy a graphic joke, and the true delineation of character in the humbler classes of society.

No. 239. *A Subject from Ovid's Metamorphoses*. W. Etty, R.A.—The subjects on which Mr. Etty usually exercises his talents require grace of form and beauty of colouring; and he is eminently successful in the production of those qualities. He also avails himself very judiciously of the beau idéal to be found in the antique gems and statues; and, like the artists of the olden time, evidently considers his draperies as intended for show rather than for use.

No. 233. *The Ruac*. J. Ingham.—What kind of stratagem it may be which this pretty, arch-looking creature is meditating, we know not—but we are sure that she is no true woman if she does not succeed in it.

No. 340. *The Happy Man*. G. Clint.—A quiet, domestic scene, forming an admirable contrast to No. 365, *The Drunkard*, by the same artist, which called forth our praises in the last Exhibition at Somerset House. Pictures like these speak volumes.

No. 338. *Landscape*. Mrs. Terry.—This lady's performances are attractive, not from any garish and strongly-opposed display of colours, but from the simplicity which prevails through-

out them; a simplicity, however, which is far from excluding adequate variety. The style she has adopted in No. 45, *View near St. Roswell's Green*, resembles the silvery tone of the pencil of Teniers, in some of his most valued works.

No. 275. *The young Prisoner*. T. Uwins.—A more striking contrast cannot be conceived than is afforded by Mr. Uwins's *Love at Naples*, and his *Young Prisoner*; the former containing all that it is delightful, the latter all that it is fearful, to contemplate. The innocence of the sleeping infant, the pity of the bandit's wife, and the gloomy scowl and blood-stained knife of the bandit himself, furnish materials of interest, of which the artist has availed himself with great success.

No. 328. *Yea or Nay*. L. Cossé.—Yea, "for a ducat;" if there is any meaning in female blushes. The subject, a proposal of marriage from one "friend" to another, has been treated by Mr. Cossé in perfect accordance with the primitive simplicity of the sect. There is little or no display of the picturesque, little or no decoration of any kind; it is plain-dealing throughout. Our curiosity is excited to ascertain whether or not this little picture will find a purchaser among those whose appearance and manners it so faithfully represents. We have before had occasion to remark, that the "friends" are frequent visitors of our Exhibitions. An excellent opportunity is here afforded them of shewing their friendship for the arts in a more substantial shape.

[To be continued.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

View of the Palais Royal, drawn in October 1827. View of the Palais Royal, as it will appear after the Completion of the Improvements. Drawn and engraved by W. Daniell, Esq. R.A. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

Suppose one who has visited Paris—and who has not?—is well acquainted with the extraordinary and splendid concentration of business and dissipation known by the name of the Palais Royal. These two fine prints, which are of considerable size, and which are executed in aquatints with such facility and looseness of handling, and coloured with such skill and taste, that they have all the effect of productions of the pencil, convey an excellent idea of that once royal residence. They are dedicated to the Duke of Orleans, in whose family the property of the building is vested, and whose approbation of the original drawings, we believe, induced Mr. Daniell to transfer them to copper.

Select Views of Windsor Castle and the adjacent Scenery. Drawn and engraved by W. Daniell, Esq. R.A. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THIS is a still more interesting publication than the one which we have just noticed. As the prospectus justly observes, "the royal and chivalric recollections which even a distant view of Windsor Castle immediately revives, the venerable royal college of Eton, the peculiar beauty of the surrounding woodlands, with the rich and varied scenery of the Thames, are too well known and admired to need any description." It appears that it was at the suggestion of one of the canons of Windsor that Mr. Daniell undertook the publication of a series of views which should be illustrative of this majestic castle and its magnificent domains, on such a scale as the interest and importance of the various objects demanded. When completed, the series will consist of twelve plates. Eight have already appeared, viz. "Windsor

Castle, from near the Brocas Meadow;" "Windsor Castle, from the S.E.;" "Windsor Castle, from Eton;" "View from the Round Tower, Windsor Castle;" "Glen in Windsor Park, near Bishopsgate;" "The Long Walk, Windsor Park;" "Eton College;" and "Scene on the Virginia Water." They are all beautiful; and the Views of Windsor Castle from Eton, and near the Brocas Meadow, the Long Walk in Windsor Park, and the Scene on the Virginia Water, transcendently so. The style of execution is similar to that of the "Views of the Palais Royal;" and the remark which we made on those views, namely, that they had all the effect of drawings, is still more applicable to the "Views of Windsor Castle." We understand that the four remaining plates will be published in March.

London Characters. By George Cruikshank. Joseph Robins.

If we may say of characters too apt to be suspicious (i. e. suspected) and bad, that they are good, we may say so of these representations of coachmen, watchmen, dustmen, chimney-sweepers, &c. &c. by Cruikshank. They originally appeared in the "Album" 1827; and are now (a dozen of them) published without letter-press. They are very clever, and deserve the portfolio as much as in their pristine form they lent credit to the literary melange which they adorned.

The Inconstant. A Chasing in Silver: from the Design of Stephanoff. Widowson, goldsmith, Fleet Street.

THE publication of this gem-like performance has for its object the revival and preservation of a character of art formerly in great request, particularly for ornamenting and embellishing snuff-boxes, watch-cases, and other trinkets formed of the precious metals. The art of chasing, like that of painting, appears to have reached its highest excellence in Italy, as may be seen in the works of Benvenuto Cellini, many of which are preserved in the cabinets of the curious, and form a no less valuable than interesting part of their collections. The liability to injury by friction of the above-mentioned costly ornaments, soon divested them of the sharpness and beauty of their execution; and but for the casts which remain of some of them, scarcely any idea would be acquired of their truly exquisite finish. Fortunately, we have now before us casts from chasings by the hands of the late Moser, Paye, Gomme, &c. (artists of our own country) that may vie in execution with some of the finest antique cameos, and which enable us to speak in terms of unmeasured panegyric of the talents and skill employed in this way more than fifty years ago. The specimen now under notice is not only a pleasing and elegant production of art, but the means of its preservation; for it is so managed as to be framed and glazed like a picture for a chimney ornament. Yet here we must observe, that instead of copying from painting or drawing, originality of subject or design ought rather to be added to the merit of the performance, to give it full claim to the attention of the artist and the amateur.

WE have great satisfaction in recording another instance of his Majesty's enlightened patronage of the fine arts, and of individual merit. "The King has been graciously pleased to nominate and appoint Samuel Prout, esq. to be Painter in Water-Colours in ordinary to his Majesty." When we consider that painting in water-colours is almost exclusively an English art, and remember how much Mr. Prout has

adorned it by his pencil, we feel the more gratified by this mark of royal distinction and honour, not only as it regards the individual, but as it encourages the school.

PICTURE-PRICES.

THE splendid cabinet of paintings of M. Darnoot, of Brussels, was, a few days ago, sold by auction in that city. The sale was numerously attended by amateurs and connoisseurs, among whom were several Englishmen. Many of the paintings brought high prices. A small Marine subject, only fourteen inches by twelve, by Claude Lorrain, was sold for 13,500 florins. The celebrated picture by Teniers, of Bow-shooting, but generally known among connoisseurs as the *Diamond*, fetched 10,200 florins. A cabinet picture, by Paul Veronese, 4,500 florins. Murillo's Beggar-Boy, 3,500 florins. A beautiful portrait of Rembrandt, painted by himself, 3,500 florins. The Rape of the Sabinas and its companion, 14,000 florins. The Flight into Egypt, by the same painter, 8,200 florins. A large Landscape by Teniers, 4,000 florins; and a small picture by William Van de Velde, 4,000 florins. The total amount of the sale was 136,609 florins. Most of the valuable pictures were obtained by Englishmen; and it was stated in the sale-room, that the beautiful *bijou* by Claude Lorrain was purchased on account of Mr. Peel, the Home Secretary.

HERCULANEUM.

THE excavations now in progress at Herculaneum and Pompeii daily lead to the most important results, and authorise the most brilliant hopes. The workmen are engaged in uncovering a magnificent dwelling-house at Herculaneum, the garden of which, surrounded with colonnades, is the largest that has yet been discovered. Among other mythological subjects are the following:—Perseus killing Medusa, by the aid of Minerva; Mercury throwing Argus into a sleep, in order to carry off from him the beautiful Io (a subject which is exceedingly rare in the monuments of art); Jason, the Dragons, and the three Hesperides. But the greatest curiosities in this house are some bas-reliefs of silver, fixed on elliptical tablets of bronze, representing Apollo and Diana. A vast number of other articles, furniture, utensils, &c. of the most exquisite workmanship, add to the interest which the discovery of this rich and beautiful mansion is so well calculated to excite.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES ON NEWTON'S PICTURE OF THE DISCONSOLATE.

The present is the painter's—never words
Could be so eloquent of wretchedness
As are that bowed-down form, that hidden face,
Which but to look on fills the eyes with tears:
But in the past the poet has his part,
For memory is the music of the lute.
What is thy history, lady?—may I give
Thy sorrow language?

THE room was hung with pictures, and the tints
Of a rich sunset touched them as with life;
The crimson varied o'er each cheek—the light
Was tremulous within the azure eyes—
The braided auburn hair was waved with gold—
And she who gazed looked not more actual life
Than did her pictured likeness; only tears
Bespoke the sadness of reality.

There were six paintings; all were very fair,
And of resembling beauty—chestnut curls,
A sunny autumn on the brow of youth,
Eyes of that blue which lights the violet
When rain-drops hang upon it, and each cheek
Was as a rose-leaf crushed on ivory.

The maiden paced the gallery, and wept;
She thought how each familiar voice was mute,
How she had watched, day after day, the rose
Wasting its colours in a hectic flush,
Till it grew pale for ever—how those eyes,
The blue, the bright, were closed in their long sleep.

Of these sweet sisters she was now the last.
She thought o'er instances of daily love,
That rise so bitterly to memory
When the dark grave has shut out all return
Of hopes which they had mingled,—tears they shed,

But pleasant ones, together—laughing schemes
Of festival, snatches of favourite songs
Now never sung.—“There surely is a curse
Upon our house, that thus the young should die—

Alas, my sisters!”—Heavily the tears
Fell from the desolate girl: she turned to where
The open casement brought the summer wind,
As if to soothe her:—green the park beneath
Girdled its own bright river, and the deer
Had gathered on its banks—the ancient oaks
Waved their Ionian foliage—in each copse
The hawthorn was in blossom—and the limes,
Hung with pale yellow flowers, filled the air
As if with incense. Suddenly a horn
Rung from the old dark avenue of beech—
A white steed came in sight—it cleared the lawn
As if its speed were in its rider's will—
That graceful rider—o'er his glossy hair
The white plumes waved, like his own spirit's
light;

The falcon on his wrist had not an eye
More flashing in its brightness:—as he past,
He plucked a handful of the hawthorn flowers,
And flung them to his sister. “Emily,
Come, for my hunter's toil is done, and now
I'll play the poet with thy lute and thee;
Come, for already has the young pale moon
Risen, though colourless, by yon bright west;
Come, for I must not have one fall of dew
Unloose thy curls.” A pang shot through her heart:

His eyes how very bright! and on his cheek
There burnt too clear a red for exercise.

—That night beheld her at the Virgin's feet,
That night was witness to her vow; no more
The lady Emily joined in the dance,
Or wreathed white pearls around her whiter brow;

No more she waked the lute;—and on the day,
The last worst day, her youngest sister died,
She knelt before her father, and implored
A blessing on his consecrated child,
And said the cloister was her destiny.
In vain were prayers, reproaches,—forth she went;

Her heart had dwelt upon this sacrifice
Until it seemed accepted; and her tears,
Her vigils, at the lonely midnight hour,
Her youth resigning even its sweet self,
Would surely plead with Heaven, and win its boon,
And that dear brother would be spared to make
His aged father happy. And this hope
Haunted her prayers until it grew to faith.

A year had passed since last her auburn hair
Was loosed to catch the sunbeams and the breeze;—

A year had passed since in that lonely cell
Her knees had worn away the cold, dark stone:
Austerity and anxious orisons
Had made the paleness of her cheek more clear;
Her face was even as an angel's face—
Eyes that have looked to heaven till they are filled

With light, the element of those pure skies;—

Still she was well and happy. Oh! the heart
Makes its own happiness, perchance the best,
When consecrate to one engrossing love!

Two years had past away;—but once again
She is to stand within her father's hall;
Her vows dispensed with just for one brief day,
Her brother had besought so earnestly
Her presence when he wed the Lady Blanche.
He said no other hand but hers should give
The bride her orange flowers; for Emily
Would bring a blessing with her.

'Twas early morning when that youthful nun
Gazed once again on her forgotten face.
How strange the mirror seemed! Again her hair

Was gathered up with pearls on each dark
Once more the silken robe, the silver veil,
Beseemed the Baron's daughter:—but she turned

From the fair glass, and knelt with lifted hands
Before the Virgin's image; while her eyes
Swam with sweet tears of earnest gratitude.
She thought upon her brother and his bride—
Of her old father's joy;—and if one thought
Had crossed her when she saw her own sweet face—

How fair the world she had for aye resigned—
That thought had past like some unholy thing,
Which found her heart too pure a resting-place;
And tenderest hopes, and gentle thankfulness,
And self-forgetfulness, filled up the soul,
Whose earthly love but bore it on to heaven.

The shade fell darker from the clustering vine,
Whose green boughs twined the lattice like a wreath;

The lark had ceased the musical glad laugh
With which he hails the morning; note by note

The matin song had died upon the wind;
The dew which hung upon the cypresses
Had turned to sunshine on the waving leaves;—
Yet came her father not for Emily—
How vain it is to say we reckon time
By hours or minutes! Time is in the mind,
And counted but by the events it brings:
Its length is in our feelings. Heavily
It past to her whose hopes were on the wing.

At length a step sounds in the corridor—
It is a letter—but her eye has caught
The dark seal on it, and the hand is strange.
She dropped the scroll—it told her brother's death!

“My God! my sacrifice has been in vain—
My father desolate in his old age!”

L. E. L.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PECULIAR NOTICE.

ADMIRERS as we are of the fine arts,—lovers of the sciences,—adorers of genius,—devotees to literature,—friends of talent,—allies of every kind of improvement, be it in metaphysics, aerostatics, education, mechanics, t ascendental philosophy, pneumatics, medicine, architecture, ship-building, hydraulics, hydrostatics, arithmetic, statistics, political economy, gastronomy, gymnastics, phrenology, the march of intellect, the spread of knowledge, or the spirit of the age,—we are yet at a loss under what denomination we ought to review a publication which has recently been sent to us for notice in the *Literary Gazette*.

That it belongs to literature, the fine arts, the elegancies and refinements of life, we see from the volumes announced, and from an accompanying plate; and that it is equally dear to the sciences, we have no reason to doubt.

It is, in short, "the Report of the present Fashion, as communicated by E. Minister, Inventor and Teacher of the Art of Cutting," i. e. of cutting clothes, not persons; which latter was a few years ago the subject of a separate treatise in one volume, by another, and—alas, for the fame of authorship!—now forgotten hand.

There is a very silly saying, that it takes nine tailors to make a man; whereas the truth is, that one first-rate tailor* not only makes many men, but, what is more essential, many fashionable men! Were it not for Creators of this class, what a set of nincompoops would the present race of dandies be! Strip them of their clothes, and they are mere nothings; grubs, destitute of the pith, sense, and other qualities of humanity. But view them in their perfect or butterfly state; how beautiful the insects are, fluttering about full of animation and life, admiring themselves and admired of others,—displaying their exquisite forms and splendid tints, till we are apt to exclaim with Shakespeare, "What a piece of work is man!"

From ancient to modern times, from the date of the fig-leaf to our days, the science of clothing has justly occupied the largest share of the attention of the human kind. The purple garments of Tyre, the coat-armour of chivalrous ages, the importance of the cloths of England at a later era, and now this *magnum opus* of Mr. Minister, are but periodical glimpses of a subject which has engrossed the universal energies of the world throughout all ages. Ignorance may confound or confuse us in tracing these circumstances, but it is impossible to shut our eyes to the general truth. What was Solomon in all his glory, but a fashionable Jew monarch? What were knights and warriors, but persons rendered stout-hearted and gallant by wearing coats of mail? What is the church, be it of Rome or of the Reformation, but a class of individuals known as members of the cloth? though the satirical Dean of St. Patrick's says—

Men of their cloth should be minding their prayers,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs.

But the love of dress is still more—it is the first great inherent principle in our natures, the only certain innate idea implanted in our bosoms. Not to speak of Misses with their earliest fine shoes or frocks, look at the boy first breeched. Does not that event constitute the proudest moment of his life? far prouder than is boasted by orator when his health is drank or he receives a vote of thanks, and, forgetful of the truly proudest epoch in his existence, idly and erroneously attributes it to a later glory. Nay, is it not a longing and unconquerable desire in the softer sex to wear this honoured garment which leads to that eternal struggle and competition that fills up the measure of life? And the satisfaction, the exultation, with which, when it is won, it is worn! The world holds no higher felicity.

The effects of dress upon the mind are no less obvious and important than they are upon the body; the whole being is altered by the mere outward habiliments. Observe a fellow with coat of antique cut, unbrushed, slovenly; the knot on his cravat not to be called a tie; his waistcoat not only possessing a bottom button and button-hole, but absolutely buttoned all the way down; his pantaloons more or less than an inch and a half above the

ankle;—he has no manners, no gentility,—he is regardless of himself and of those around him; his voice is loud, his language is coarse, his carriage is unseemly,—and he neither looks, walks, stands, nor sits, like a creature endowed with the divine image on earth. Much of the rudeness and vulgarity which now prevail in places of public resort, and even in private companies, is to be attributed to laxity in point of apprelling. Men in boots or gaiters do what men in pumps and silk stockings would be utterly ashamed of; and coloured neckcloths, we have no doubt, have led the way to so many atrocities, (gradually descending in the scale from carelessness to ill-breeding, from ill-breeding to vice, and from vice to crime), that the halter has often been the consequence of the flash Belcher or sporting stock.

Seeing, on these grounds, that prodigious social and moral evils result from inattention to dress with all its niceties, and that it is the grand distinction between civilisation and savage life; it follows that it ought to be the chief, and as it is among the superior orders to which we have alluded, almost the only concern of rational creatures.

So far, therefore, from our author being thought a mere "Minister" to the vanities of man and coxcomb, we must consider him as a distinguished philanthropist and reformer. Without such tailors to invigorate and maintain our national character, make us respectable and respect ourselves, as fit to be seen as well-dressed subjects of a well-dressed king, George IV., whom Heaven bless!—how soon might we exclaim, literally, metaphorically, and politically, with Henry VI.,

"Of England's coat one half is cut away!"

Deeply as we have devoted ourselves to the study of this all-interesting subject, it would, perhaps, be tedious to some, were we to enter upon all the minutie of the evening dress coat, the waistcoat, the pantaloons, the trowser, the br—, inexpressibles, the frock coat, the morning lapel coat, the riding coat, the shooting jacket, the driving coat, the cloak, the gaiter, and all the varieties of length, breadth, angle, square, colour, pattern, button, binding, lining, skirt, flap, turn, fall down, edge, pocket, welt, garter, cape, collar, cuff, sleeve, frog, tassel, gather, &c. &c. &c. For these particulars we had better refer to our author, in whose various works they will be found accurately detailed and amply described.*

It strikes us, that the *arbitri elegantiarum* of former days would cut but a poor figure by the side of an author of this eminence, and an artist who measures men, as if he were a geographer and astronomer, by quadrants, sextants, theodolites, and other complex instruments, but all simple to his superabundant ingenuity. It is with infinite regret we have to confess that our means do not enable us to afford our readers any idea of the pictures which illustrate Mr. Minister's labours, nor of the patterns in cloth, silk, satin, and velvet, which

accompany them. In the former, the individuals are distinguished for correctness of costume, untroubled with a crease or wrinkle: none of Nature's journeymen could make such matchless creatures. A fool-dressed exquisite in silk hose and shorts, seated on a chair, is complacently contemplated by an equally glorious being, who happens to be standing up. And there is a cloaked gentleman, very like an Irish fortune-hunter; and a great-coated gentleman, very like a flash thief, or ditto thief-taker. Two little boys are inconceivably genteel; and more easy personages, with guns, whips, and switches, display the wonderful variety and sublime beauties of our species—when dressed *comme il faut*. We gaze at the production with intense admiration; we pause, and a sigh, almost a groan, escapes us, when we reflect how few of the great race of mankind, as it covers the surface of our globe, can, by possibility, be thus adorned! Alas, we say, as if apostrophising the want of education, ignorance, slavery,—alas, that some grand and powerful institution were but formed to promote the spread of well-cut clothes among the dark and hapless nations of the universe; that missionaries, properly instructed by Mr. Minister, might go forth to Africa, and India, and Australia, and the distant islands, to new-rig the ill-dressed, and cover the nakedness of the savage! What renown would it not be to Britain, thus to eclipse the chief and ancient fame of France, as the fountain of taste and fashion! We implore our ministers to think of it: when Catholic Emancipation is completed, they will have little else to do,—and where could they direct their mighty intelligence and stupendous energies to a cause so vitally and immortally connected as this with the improvement of mankind? We speak with no disrespect of other associations, for comparisons are odious; but a glance (and neither reasoning nor reason are here required) will demonstrate the incomparable superiority of an undertaking such as that which we now, with all due humility, venture to recommend.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

MR. PEAKE'S new farce, *Master's Rival, or a Day at Boulogne*, was produced on Thursday last, too late in the week for us to enter into criticism or a detail of the plot, which turns mainly on the rogueries of two brothers, *Peter and Paul Shack*, (Messrs. Jones and Liston), whose schemes are frustrated by an adroit chambermaid, enacted with her usual talent by Mrs. Orger. All the performers, indeed, evinced great zeal. Mr. Liston, in particular, towards the close of the piece, was remarked, notwithstanding his late accident, to be playing with almost too much spirit. It was given out for repetition amid considerable, if not unmingled, applause.

Farces seldom take full possession of the public on their first representations.

ADELPHI.

WE are delighted to have it once more in our power to bestow unqualified praise upon a new dramatic production; and our gratification is any thing but lessened by the said production's having appeared at this our favourite little theatre. Mr. Ball, the author of the *Flying Dutchman*, and the adapter of the *Pilot*, has succeeded very happily in transferring the most effective situations in Mr. Cooper's novel of the Red Rover to the stage of the Adelphi; and his efforts have been admirably seconded by the capital company (we were about to write crew) of this

* Not one of those bungling rascals of whom the poet says—

"Give him a single coat to make, he'd do it;
A vest or breeches, singly; but the brute
Could never contrive all three, to make a suit."

* These works are: Treatises on the Art of Cutting, viz. a New and entirely Original System of Cutting Coats, price 10s. 6d.; a New and Improved System of Cutting Breeches, Pantalons, and Trowsers, price 5s. 6d.; a New and Improved System of Cutting Waistcoats, price 5s. 6d.; a New and Complete System of Cutting Ladies' Habits and Pelisses, price 10s. 6d.; or in one complete work. Also his first publication on the Art of Casing Coats, on a half-inch scale, two very large copperplate engravings, and three hundred and one calculations on the proportionate parts; price two guineas. Two very large copperplate engravings, with seventeen patterns, and equally adapted for Coats, Waistcoats, Jackets, Spencers, &c. price one guinea and a half. The whole cost of these invaluable works is; therefore, only five pounds five shillings and sixpence.

establishment. Yates's *Red Rover* is a very spirited performance; indeed the best original character in which we have seen him. T. P. Cooke's *Fid* rivals his *Long Tom Coffin*. Greater praise cannot be bestowed upon any acting. Mr. Hemmings renders *Wilder* a more important personage than the author could have anticipated; and Paulo, the best clown in London, proves that, like his great prototype Grimaldi, he can wring from our eye tears of sympathy as well as tears of laughter. His "Guinea nigger" is a most interesting and natural picture of "God's image cut in ebony." The ladies, Mrs. Edwin and Mrs. Hughes, have but little to do,—but they do that little well; and the same may be said of Mr. Saunders, the two Smiths, and all the rest of the *dramatis personæ*. We had almost forgotten Wilkinson, the most fearful and funny of all Yankee tailors; and we should never have forgiven ourselves such a piece of injustice. The nautical scenery and machinery is, as usual here, perfect. The last scene of the first act, particularly, is as real a picture of a vessel getting under weigh, as the stage is capable, we should imagine, of producing. We wish the proprietors joy of the success of this their "annual nautical," as Yates called it; and have no doubt but *Monsieur Mallet* and the *Red Rover* will cram the house to the end of the season.

RIGHTS OF DRAMATIC AUTHORS.—It is stated in a French paper, that the sum received by M. Scribe, the French dramatic writer, for performance of pieces written by him, amounted, during the year 1828, to 122,000 francs (rather more than 5000*l.* sterling). In France, the author of a dramatic production receives, in addition to the sum which is, in the first instance, paid to him by the manager of the theatre at which his piece is brought out, and the amount for which he may dispose of the copyright to a bookseller, a fixed sum for every night on which it may be played in any part of France; so that at the end of ten years, as well as during the novelty of the production, it may yield a handsome sum to the author. The managers of country theatres are bound to pay into an office established for the purpose, the amount of the sums so due; and they are afterwards paid over to the author, who, from day to day, can examine the books, and ascertain the extent of his profits. [This example ought to be followed in England.]

THE Chester committee are already making great exertions towards the arrangements for the grand musical festival which is to take place in September. Braham, H. Phillips, and Miss Paton, are engaged. The latter lady has been singing at the Chester theatre with her usual eclat, since her return from a very lucrative engagement at Dublin. During the present week she has performed at Liverpool to crowded houses, and is expected in town about the middle of the next; soon after which, she will make her appearance at Covent Garden, as *Rebecca*, in Rossini's new opera, *Normans and Saracens*. The story of the piece is taken from Sir W. Scott's novel of *Ivanhoe*, in which Phillips is to take the part of the Jew of York.

F. RIES.—The long-expected opera of this well-known musician, called *Die Räuberbraut* (the Robber's Bride), was performed at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, in October last. Nearly every piece of the opera, say the German papers, was received with the most flattering applause; and after the first act the composer

was called. Notwithstanding this, the opera has never been given since; from which it is obvious, that in the German theatres, as in the English, cabal and intrigue are not altogether strangers.

FRAULEIN MARIANE BERNER.—The hitherto unsurpassed violin-player Paganini, has found, as appears from a Leipzig journal and a letter from Carlsbad, a potent rival—in a young (at least unmarried) lady of the above name, a native of Mitau, in Courland. The editor of *Die Elegante Welt* calls her "the most finished violinist of the present time;" and for particulars as to her style, he refers to a poem of Rudolph, written in compliment of her extraordinary talent.

VARIETIES.

Monkeys.—A paper on the anatomical structure of the American monkeys has been presented to the French Academy by M. Saint Hilaire. Among other things, this paper contains a description of a new race, exhibiting certain characters which have hitherto been supposed to belong exclusively to the monkeys of the old continent.

Remarkable Echo.—A person standing against the houses on the north side of Tavistock Square when the bell of St. Pancras Church is tolling, will hear the sounds reverberated from the houses on the south side of the square, in tones more loud and distinct than those immediately from the bell. This delusion of sound excites more surprise when the same person walks to the corner of Upper Woburn Place, where the direct sound from the bell comes full and clear, and the echo is lost.

Prussia.—A Mr. von Zedlitz, in his latest statistical account of the Prussian monarchy (Berlin, 1828), not only gives the average state of the population, viz. 2,435 to a German square mile, the number of villages and market-places (60,000), of towns, &c., but goes so far as to state the number of buildings in the whole monarchy to be 3,267,000. In 1825 the number of schools in Prussia was estimated at 21,623, with 22,261 school-masters and mistresses.

Berlin.—According to Gädick's newest guide through this capital, it contains 294 streets, 32 open places, 7330 houses, and 220,000 inhabitants. The garrison is calculated to be rather less than 12,000 men. Every house where a great man has died is specially mentioned.

Sound Navigation.—The number of vessels which passed the Sound in 1826, was 11,065; and in 1827, 13,006. Among these were, in 1826, English ships 3,730, Prussian 2,621, American 158; and in 1827, English ships 5199, Prussian 2035, American 192. There was no Spanish vessel in either year. Of these 13,006 vessels, 6537 were from the German Ocean, and 6465 from the Baltic.

Musical and Dancing Education.—A new vocal and dramatic institution, for instruction in singing, combining the dramatic requisites to qualify for the orchestra and theatre, with an exclusive department to accomplish for the ballet, similar to the foreign conservatories, has been projected. It is proposed that the vocal department shall consist of two hundred pupils or more, under the superintendence of eminent professors; to be scientifically educated in singing in the Italian and English styles, and instructed in the English and Italian languages, elocution, dramatic action (with theatrical practice), and the necessary accomplishments of dancing, fencing, exercises, &c.;

and that the age of admission shall be, males, seventeen years (if voice is set) and upwards; females, fifteen years and upwards. To pay a premium, and to be articulated generally for seven years. The pupils to fulfil all engagements made for them by the institution, in the United Kingdom, whether as principals or otherwise; and the institution to receive one-third of the profits of every engagement of the pupils during their articles.

Frosts.—In 1709, the frost in Paris endured 37 days in succession, and the thermometer fell to 18½ degrees (Réaumur). In 1783, there were 69 days frost; in 1795, 42 days. In 1776, the thermometer fell below 15 degrees; the sea between Cnen and La Heve was frozen, and although the mouth of the Seine is about 9,000 yards in breadth, it was covered with ice from one side to the other. In 1433, a frost began at Paris on the 31st of December, and lasted three months, wanting nine days; it recommenced towards the end of March, and lasted till the 17th of April. In 1607, the Port of Marseilles was completely frozen over. From the end of November 1570 to the end of February 1571, the frost was so severe, that the rivers of Provence and Languedoc were covered with ice of such thickness that waggons heavily loaded passed along them.

New Gas.—A company has been formed at Berlin of chemists and capitalists, to supply that city with gas procured from the excremental matters of every description, which are now taken to the environs and used as manure. The government have not yet given their permission for the commencement of the undertaking; but they have promised to do so, on the company being answerable that no offensive smell shall be allowed to escape from their gas-pipes.

Population.—A German paper (*Gemeinsame deutsche zeitschrift für Geburtshunde*) contains an account of a birth of five twin children, three boys and two girls, all of whom were born alive, but died within three days. They were from fifteen to seventeen inches in length, and weighed little more than half the weight of healthy new-born children. The mother did not suffer much during her pregnancy, and recovered rapidly after delivery.

A Shetland Boat.—"It was a small boat, or canoe, pointed at each extremity, similarly to the 'crazy boats' that ply round the Greenland vessels in the Sound; but it bore an aspect of ruder workmanship, mouldered by the lapse of years, and quaintly repaired with strange adaptations of mechanism and materials. The hands that first wrought this simple structure had evidently long ceased to toil; for their work bore witness that it had lived through many courses of mortality, and the successive traces of many generations were left in the patches that shewed where time and service had made breaches in its original frame. Even the short paddles, which enabled it to skim the wild lake with which it seemed coeval, were composed of several pieces; but the most peculiar and the most picturesque of its accompaniments were, a number of living plants springing from the interstices between its ribs and the planks that sheathed them, and spreading their blossoms to the sun. These flowers belonged (as well as I remember, for I forgot, or rather hesitated, to gather specimens,) to a species of *arenaria*, probably the '*rubra*;' and their tiny red petals, blushing amidst their pale-green slender stalks and leaves, gave a charm to the antiquated and patchwork skiff which no gorgeous decoration could have be-

stowed."—*Tales of a Voyage to the Arctic Ocean.*

Bull.—A writer in a northern provincial paper charges the Catholic Association with having cruelly drained the pockets of their unfed and unclothed countrymen!

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Thursday, 19th Feb.

THE President in the chair. A paper was read, entitled, "on the Reflection and Decomposition of Light, at the separating Surfaces of Media of the same and of different Refractive Powers," by Dr. Brewster, F.R.S. &c.—George Evelyn, Esq. of Wootten Park, a lineal descendant of John Evelyn, one of the earliest members, if not one of the founders, of the Royal Society, was elected a Fellow. The Rev. H. Coddington, author of several works on optics, was also elected. On the library-table lay a curious ancient eastern astrolabe, purchased by the late Major Hutchinson from Syed Houssain, accompanied by an oriental descriptive MS. Amongst the donations, the first part of Robinson's *Vitruvius Britannicus*, containing an account of Woburn Abbey, with engravings by Le Keux, in imperial folio, was much admired. Several other presents lay on the table.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THURSDAY, 12 February, 1829. Hudson Gurney, esq. M.P., in the chair.—A communication was read from Mr. James Logan, addressed to the Earl of Aberdeen, president, relative to the origin of ancient coat-armour. From various researches made by Mr. Logan, he gave strong reasons for believing that coat-armour, badges, and banners, were derived from the ancient Celts. An extract from the Harleian papers was also read, relative to the wardrobe of King Henry VIII. in his various palaces; together with a catalogue of about 150 pictures, or, as they were then styled, tables, belonging to Henry, and a number of maps, chiefly upon stained linen cloth.

On Thursday the 5th:—The translation of an Italian letter was read, dated from Constantinople the last day of February 1596, from Mahomet III. to Queen Elizabeth. The letter commenced with an endless string of compliments to her Majesty, couched in a style of hyperbolic bombast, so ridiculous to our modern ears, that even the gravity of president, secretary, and members, was disturbed, and downright hearty laughter produced, such as, we fear, in the olden time, would have been thought insulting the Porte. The purport of the letter was relative to the siege of Agra, in which the Turk boasts of having slain 120,000 *infidels*, having caused the river to run blood three days,—of the difficulties he had overcome, as a swamp lay between the armies, such as that which separates heaven from paradise, &c. Mahomet hoped and expected the queen would order the guns to be fired throughout her empire, in honour of his success. The letter concluded with his hearty congratulations for the great victory which her Majesty's troops had achieved in Spain.

Mr. P. F. Robinson's magnificent folio, entitled *Vitruvius Britannicus*, was presented to the Society by the author; as also several other interesting publications.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—Whenever the great Wizard of the North is known to be at work, public curiosity is excited to learn what he is about; and we are always glad when we can gratify that popular feeling. *Impromptu*, there is forthcoming a great edition of the *Waverley*

Novels, in monthly volumes, which series is to commence in the ensuing summer (the Prospectus states June 1st). In this revised edition we are to have copious notes and instructions by the author, a new cover, for we do not remember an example in literature of so voluminous a writer living to explain and illustrate his own productions. We observe from the Prospectus, of which a copy has reached us, that the work is inscribed, by permission, to the King, and is to be embellished with frontispieces and vignette titles, from designs by distinguished artists; indeed, we have seen or heard of some by Wilkie [a portrait], Leslie, Newton, Kidd, Landseer, J. Burnet, and others, of which we will make mention in our next). After noticing the nature of the alterations he has made and is making,* Sir Walter informs us, "The general Preface to the new edition, and the introductory notices to each separate work, will contain an account of such circumstances attending the first publication of the Novels and Tales, as may appear interesting in themselves, or proper to be communicated to the public. The author also proposes to publish, on this occasion, the various legends, family traditions, or obscure historical facts, which have formed the groundwork of these novels, and to give some account of the places where the scenes are laid, when these are altogether or in part real; as well as a statement of particular incidents founded on fact; together with a more copious glossary, and notes explanatory of the ancient customs and popular superstitions referred to in the Romances." This, we think, must be extremely interesting, especially as we understand that the preface to *Waverley* will be, in fact, an autobiography of the author, so far as regards these celebrated novels, and will have appended to it some of his early productions in prose, now for the first time given to the public. We are also told that the notes to *Waverley* are very curious in a historical point of view; while the introduction to *Guy Rennie* furnishes a sketch of the story as originally planned, but which was changed as the writer proceeded. The *Antiquary* is enriched with a striking account of the Blue-town or Bedlam, on whom the character Edie Ochilfree is founded. Upon the whole, we look forward with high expectations to this publication, and shall rejoice to add to our collection a handsome two-volume *Waverley*, with all this new matter and four charming engravings, for ten shillings; and to follow it up by *Manning* and the rest.

Anne de Guirstein, the new Chronicle of the Canonage, will, we believe, be out next month, or early in April. The subject is entirely novel.—So that, altogether, our literary friends in Edinburgh are not so idle as we surmised in our *Gazette* of the 7th.

Referendary Manuscripts.—The Chelmsford Chronicle states that a parcel of manuscripts has come into the possession of Dr. Foster, of Boreham, including the original MS. of Locke's Essay concerning Human Understanding, with numerous corrections and erasures; Original Letters from Locke (partly dated from Amsterdam, during his exile), on various political, religious, and miscellaneous subjects; some original familiar letters of Algernon Sydney, Lord Shaftesbury, and others; correspondence of Toupe, author of *Emendationes in Suidam*; of the late Mr. Richard Gough, the antiquary; a curious MS. work on coins, by Stukely; some critiques of the history of Sir John Hawkwood, of Sible Hedingham, by Gough;—and a large correspondence between the Hon. Thomas Pitt, first Lord Camelford, from Naples, and the late Benjamin Forster, resident at Broomfield, in Chelmsford. There is also a MS. relating to the origin of the Abbey of St. Neots in Cornwall; a Syriac MS.; and other miscellaneous papers. But what is most remarkable is, that it seems evident from one of Locke's letters, that he has somewhere left an unpublished metaphysical work on Cause and Effect, entitled, "On Perceiving all Things in God," which has either been lost or suppressed.

Walter Scott in Denmark.—His writings are read, and translated, and admired, in every corner of the civilized world; but there is no race of readers or admirers among whom his muse has become the object of such fervent idolatry as our neighbours of Denmark. One single Number of the Address *Avia* contains three several advertisements of three several translations of some of his works; and it will scarcely be credited that a professor of divinity ever goes so far as to recommend his pupils to study the *Waverley Novels*, as the surest path to the acquisition of that sublimity of knowledge with which no clerical wanderer can dispense. And to this exhortation succeeds an appeal to the study of the Holy scriptures, with the exception of the Apocalypse! Little did our worthy countryman dream that his Discourses of a Layman would raise him to such eminence in the temple of theological fame; and it is probable that were the biographer of Napoleon to gladden his Danish followers with his goodly presence, he would scarcely fail to receive their homage as a second Odin! Insults and plagiarists abound among them; but as to rivalry, he may leave his apprehensions behind him at Abbotford. To facilitate the reading of his novels in the original, a dictionary of the Scottish idiom, by Motherby, has been published at Königsberg, in Prussia.

* "These consist in occasional pruning where the language is redundant, compression where the style is loose, infusion of vigour where it is languid, the exchange of the forcible for the more appropriate epithets—slight alterations; in short, like the last touches of an artist, which contribute to heighten and finish the picture, though an inexperienced eye can hardly detect in what they consist."

Captain Hall's Travels in the United States is in the press, and is expected about May.

Mr. Butler is about to publish an entirely New Set of Coloured Maps, as an accompaniment to the Geographical and Biographical Exercises of his late father, Mr. William Butler.

In the last session of the Academy of Sciences at Petersburg, 10,000 rubles were granted for the first year, to defray the expenses of an archaeological journey through Russia; to commence the beginning of this year, under the chief direction of Counsellor Strojew. *Hallsche Zeitung.*

Of the eighty periodicals which are published at present in Denmark, seventy are in the Danish, six in the German, and two in the Icelandic language. The liberty of the press is maintained to be as great as in England.

Mr. Kendall is engaged upon a full and general History of America, from the landing of Columbus to the present time. The work embraces the particular histories of all the Settlements and States in North and South America and the West Indies; and also a preliminary discourse upon the name, discovery, geography, natural history, aborigines, and antiquities of the Western Continent and its Islands.

Italian Literature.—M. Panizzi, as we see from a prospectus, commences his lectures on Italian literature, at the University of London, on Tuesday next. In this course, the Professor, whose taste and talents are so highly esteemed, is to give a short historical review of the ages of chivalry, tracing some of the various stories of the Romanesque poets to their first sources.

The first monthly No. of a work, to be entitled, *The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society designated; being Descriptions and Figures in illustration of the Natural History of the living Animals in the Society's collection.*—is announced to be published with the authority of the Council, under the superintendence of the Secretary and Vice Secretary of the Society. The work is to be printed by Whittingham; and the numbering engraving executed on wood by Branson and Wright, from drawings by Harvey.

In the Press.—The second and concluding Part of Cressy and Taylor's Illustrations of the Architecture of the Middle Ages at Pisa, accompanied by Historical Accounts, &c., and determining the much-controverted question, to what period the ornaments in the pointed style, attached to the Baptistery and Campo Santo, are to be assigned.—Margaret Coryton, a novel, by Leigh Cliffe, Esq. author of the *Knights of Ritsberg*—*Pargass, the Bride of the Sea*, &c.—*A Companion to the Theatre*, and *Mandall of the British Drama*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 5	From 39. to 45.	30.06 to 30.25
Friday... 6	— 32. — 43.	30.24 — Stat.
Saturday... 7	— 32. — 46.	30.02 — 30.00
Sunday... 8	— 39. — 35.	30.16 — 30.23
Monday... 9	— 27. — 45.	30.25 — Stat.
Tuesday... 10	— 34. — 40.	30.33 — 30.35
Wednesday 11	— 34. — 48.	30.24 — Stat.

Wind variable, prevailing N.W. and W.

Generally cloudy, raining on the 7th and 8th.

Rain fallen, .325 of an inch.

Edmonton.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have this day the pleasure of carrying into effect the first proof of our promise respecting our occasional enlargement of the *Literary Gazette* during the season when much of interesting matter pressed for insertion. We are thus enabled to bring up all arrears, and to start again with greater novelty and spirit, as we trust our succeeding Numbers will shew. The importance of our reports of all the great National Institutions must be felt as an increased recommendation of the *Gazette* to every member of the great republic of letters; especially as they have rendered these expensive additions necessary. In order not to confine our page in its other general and approved features. That we offer this gratuitously to our readers, is not by way of boast; but to shew that we are resolved to maintain that character which has obtained for us the most extensive favour ever enjoyed by a literary and scientific Journal.

Owing to their arriving late, the Reports of the last Proceedings of the Royal Society and Society of Antiquaries are out of their proper place, towards the end of our sheet.

We cannot enter upon W. H.'s paper to prove Lord Byron not an infidel.

It's poem is too long for us: he will find it under c e at our office.

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T. C. HOFLAND, Secretary.
Further Particulars may be known by application to the Secretary, 25, Newman Street.

GALLERY OF ARTS, No. 27, Regent Street, Corner of Jermyn Street.

The Amateurs of the Fine Arts are respectfully informed, that a large Collection of Framed Drawings, by the celebrated Russian Artist, Orlovsky, has just been received from St. Petersburg.

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